THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

A NEW EDITION CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

London:

ED FOR GEORGE KEARSLEY,
JOHNSON'S HEAD,
FLEET-STREET,
1789.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH the *quantity* of Dr. JOHNSON's poetry bears no proportion to his prose writing, its *quality* has been always in such esteem with the best judges, that little remains for me, but to state a few facts and circumstances relative to the periods at which his different pieces were published.

The Translation of Mr. Pope's MESSIAH into Latin verse, was performed as an exercise when he was a commoner of Pembroke-College, Oxford, at the age of

twenty*; and afterwards collected in a volume of miscellaneous Poems, published by J. Husbands, M. A. in the year 1731. This translation gained him reputation in the college, and received the approbation of the original author.

The VERSES on a LADY *presenting a sprig of myrtle to a Gentleman*, were written at Birmingham soon after he left the college, at the request of a friend who aspired to the character of a poet with his mistress. Whether he was successful or not, anecdote is silent: but if the lady required good poetry as the condition of her affection (provided she believed her lover to be the author) the probability is, that he gained his prize.

* For a correct copy of this Translation, the Editor is indebted to Mr. STEEVENS.

"LONDON,"

"LONDON," imitated from the third Satire of Juvenal, was publifhed in 1738, and was the firft poetical production of Dr. Johnfon after he came to town. This imitation had a great fale, and was fo far applauded by Mr. Pope, that not being able to difcover the author, he faid "It cannot be long before my curiofity will be gratified, the writer of this poem will foon be *deterrè*."

The lighter Poems, addreffed "To STELLA, &c." were publifhed at different times in the Gentleman's Magazine, in which our author was concerned for many years.

The Prologue to the opening Drury-Lane Theatre in 1747, though looked

upon as one of the moſt critical accounts of the drama from the time of Shakeſpeare, was compoſed throughout before he put a ſingle couplet on paper. The correction it afterwards underwent being no more than the change of a ſingle word, at the remonſtrance of Mr. Garrick. "And then, ſaid the Doctor, I did not think his criticiſm juſt; but it was neceſſary he ſhould be ſatisfied with what he was to utter."

The Poem entitled "THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES," being an imitation of the tenth Satire of Juvenal, publiſhed in 1749, was compoſed nearly in the ſame manner, and has always been eſteemed a fine parody on the force and ſpirit of the original.

Dr. Johnfon brought his Tragedy of IRENE with him to London in the year 1737, but, from what caufe is not known, was not performed till 1749, and then with fome difficulty gained its *ninth* night. The general opinion on this Tragedy is, that though defective in plot and incidents, it poffeffes a degree of imagery and fentiment that muft always render it an agreeable entertainment in the clofet. The Prologue was written by the author. The Epilogue is faid to be the production of the late Sir William Younge.

His other Prologues were written occafionally, on the fpur of friendfhip, and are by no means deficient in poetical merit.

His Latin Epitaphs were produced from the fame caufe, and are not only allowed

to

to be claſſically correct, but, according to his own definition of an epitaph, " well appropriated."

Such is the ſhort hiſtory of theſe Poems, which lay ſcattered in ſo many periodical publications, and at ſuch diſtant periods of time, as not only called out all my induſtry, but that of my friends, to form this collection. Of its ſucceſs, the ſale of a large impreſſion leaves not a doubt; and as this ſecond Edition is conſiderably improved by the introduction of ſeveral additional pieces, which are diſtinguiſhed by an aſteriſk in the Table of Contents, I at leaſt deſerve, if I do not command, additional encouragement.

FLEET-STREET,
March 1789.

G. K.

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LONDON:

LONDON:

A SATIRE.

CORRECTED FROM A COPY PRINTED AT THE

CLARENDON PRESS,

At OXFORD.

JUV. SAT. III.

Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod ſedem figere Cumis
Deſtinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

———Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam quid tam miſerum, tam ſolum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapſus
Tectorum aſſiduos, et mille pericula ſævæ
Urbis, & Auguſto recitantes menſe poetas?

L O N D O N:

A P O E M.

IN IMITATION OF THE

THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

———————Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat ſe?

JUV.

THO' grief and fondneſs in my breaſt rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewel,
Yet ſtill my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praiſe the hermit, but regret the friend,
Who now reſolves, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in diſtant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's ſolitary ſhore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are ſwept by ſudden fate away,
But all whom hunger ſpares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conſpire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambuſh here relentleſs ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houſes thunder on your head,
And here a female atheiſt talks you dead.

Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Subſtitit ad veteres arcus.——

Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honeſtis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor eſt, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities ————
———— et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo.

While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of diſſipated wealth the ſmall remains,
On Thames's banks, in ſilent thought we ſtood,
Where Greenwich ſmiles upon the ſilver flood:
Struck with the ſeat that gave Eliza * birth,
We kneel, and kiſs the conſecrated earth;
In pleaſing dreams the bliſsful age renew;
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her croſs triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere maſquerades debauch'd, exciſe oppreſs'd,
Or Engliſh honour grew a ſtanding jeſt.
A tranſient calm the happy ſcenes beſtow,
And for a moment lull the ſenſe of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.
Since worth, he cries, in theſe degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praiſe;
In thoſe curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded ſcience toils in vain;
Since hope but ſooths to double my diſtreſs,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little leſs;
While yet my ſteady ſteps no ſtaff ſuſtains,
And life ſtill vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind heaven, to find ſome happier place,
Where honeſty and ſenſe are no diſgrace;

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

Some

Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius iſtic
Et Catulus: maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt,

Queis facile eſt ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad buſta cadaver.—
Munera nunc edunt.

Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri neſcio: librum,
Si malus eſt, nequeo laudare & poſcere.—

Some pleaſing bank where verdant oſiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay;
Where once the harraſs'd Briton found repoſe,
And ſafe in poverty defy'd his foes;
Some ſecret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give.
Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let thoſe reign, whom penſions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With ſlaviſh tenets taint our poiſon'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
Let ſuch raiſe palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd ſtage,
And lull to ſervitude a thoughtleſs age.
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride ſhall hold?
What check reſtrain your thirſt of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To ſuch, a groaning nation's ſpoils are giv'n,
When publick crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who ſtart at theft, and bluſh at perjury?
Who ſcarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's court he ſing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A ſtateſman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to ſlumber o'er the Gazetteer;

—Fere ad nuptas, quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat, norint alii; me nemo miniſtro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

Quis nunc diligitur, niſi conſcius?——
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult
Accuſare poteſt.——
——Tanti tibi non ſit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut ſomno careas.——

Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptiſſima noſtris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

——————Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem.——————
Ruſticus ille tuus ſumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

Deſpiſe a fool in half his penſion dreſs'd,
And ſtrive in vain to laugh at H——y's jeſt.
Others with ſofter ſmiles, and ſubtler art,
Can ſap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more addreſs a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they riſe, while I, whoſe ruſtick tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varniſh wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a ſpy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
For what but ſocial guilt the friend endears?
Who ſhares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune ſhares.
But thou, ſhould tempting villany preſent
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers ſpent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy ſcornful eye,
Nor ſell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful ſlumber, ſelf-approving day,
Unſullied fame, and conſcience ever gay.
The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, ſee!
Mark whom the great careſs, who frown on me!
LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common ſhore of Paris, and of Rome;
With eager thirſt, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted ſtate.
Forgive my tranſports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.
Illuſtrious EDWARD! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of ſaints ſurvey;

Nor

Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, ſermo
Promptus———

Augur, ſchœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit,
Græculus eſuriens, in cœlum, juſſeris, ibit.

Uſque adeo nihil eſt, quod noſtra infantia cœlum
Hauſit Aventini?

Quid, quod adulandi gens prudentiſſima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?

Nor hope the Britiſh lineaments to trace,
The ruſtick grandeur, or the ſurly grace,
But loſt in thoughtleſs eaſe, and empty ſhow,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Senſe, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiſs'd from the ſtage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dreſs, their politicks import;
Obſequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their induſtry can 'ſcape,
They ſing, they dance, clean ſhoes, or cure a clap:
All ſciences a faſting Monſieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
Ah! what avails it, that, from ſlav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in Engliſh air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And liſp the tale of HENRY's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery ſubdues when arms are vain?
Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple Gaul was born a paraſite:
Still to his int'reſt true, where-e'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his laviſh tongue beſtows;
In ev'ry face a thouſand graces ſhine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: ſed illis
Creditur.

Natio comœdia eſt. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.

Non ſumus ergo pares: melior qui ſemper & omni
Nocte dieque poteſt alienum ſumere vultum:
A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, ſi rectum minxit amicus.

Scire volunt ſecreta domûs, atque inde timeri.

Thefe arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie.
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.
  Befides, with juftice this difcerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the ftage:
Well may they venture on the mimick's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their mafter's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild abfurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To fhake with laughter ere the jeft they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To fhake in dog-days, in December fweat.
How, when competitors like thefe contend,
Can furly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with ferious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blufh, without a fmile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your tafte in fnuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and fwear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
  For arts like thefe prefer'd, admir'd, carefs'd,
They firft invade your table, then your breaft;
Explore your fecrets with infidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ranfack all the heart;

———Materiem præbet caufafque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem fi fœda & fciffa lacerna, &c.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in fe,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

————Agmine facto,
Debuerant olim tenues migraffe Quirites.

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obftat
Res angufta domi. Sed Romæ durior illis
Conatus———
————————OMNIA Romæ
Cum pretio————
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia fervis.

Then ſoon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
By numbers here from ſhame or cenſure free,
All crimes are ſafe, but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law purſues,
This, only this, provokes the ſnarling muſe.
The ſober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With briſker air the ſilken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thouſand ways.
Of all the griefs that harraſs the diſtreſs'd;
Sure the moſt bitter is a ſcornful jeſt;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's inſult points the dart.
Has heaven reſerv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathleſs waſte, or undiſcover'd ſhore?
No ſecret iſland in the boundleſs main?
No peaceful deſart yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?
Quick let us riſe, the happy ſeats explore,
And bear oppreſſion's inſolence no more.
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confeſs'd,
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more ſlow, where all are ſlaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandiſe, and ſmiles are ſold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the ſtreets, and thunder to the ſkies:

 Rais'd

———Ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & fruſtra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hoſpitio, tectoque juvabit.

Si magna Aſturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres.———

Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impenſas: hic, &c.
Hic modum argenti.———

——Meliora, ac plura reponit
Perſicus orborum lautiſſimus.———

Si potes avelli Circenſibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Fruſinone paratur,

Rais'd from fome pleafing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or fome blifsful bow'r,
Aghaft you ftart, and fcarce with aching fight
Suftain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from purfuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can ftarving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative difclofe,
While all neglect, and moft infult your woes.
Should heaven's juft bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And fpread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the difmal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the fkies;
The laureat tribe in fervile verfe relate,
How virtue wars with perfecuting fate;
With well-feign'd gratitude the penfion'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vaffals come,
And crowd with fudden wealth the rifing doom;
The price of boroughs and of fouls reftore;
And raife his treafures higher than before:
Now blefs'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polifh'd marble, and the fhining plate,
Orgilio fees the golden pile afpire,
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.
Could'ft thou refign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;

Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic————
Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum poſſis centum dare Pythagoræis.

——Poſſis ignavus haberi,
Et ſubiti caſus improvidus, ad cœnam ſi
Inteſtatus eas.
Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit.
Dat pænas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelidæ. ————
————Sed, quamvis improbus annis
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
Vitari jubet, et comitum longiſſimus ordo:
Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea lampas.

Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui ſpoliet te
Non deerit: clauſis domibus, &c.

There might'ſt thou find ſome elegant retreat,
Some hireling ſenator's deſerted ſeat;
And ſtretch thy proſpects o'er the ſmiling land,
For leſs than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, ſupport thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy beds a cheap repaſt afford,
Deſpiſe the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry buſh with nature's muſick rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours ſecurity ſhall ſmile,
And bleſs thine evening walk and morning toil.

Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And ſign your will before you ſup from home.

Some fiery fop, with new commiſſion vain,
Who ſleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feaſt,
Provokes a broil, and ſtabs you for a jeſt.

Yet ev'n theſe heroes, miſchievouſly gay,
Lords of the ſtreet, and terrors of the way;
Fluſh'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent inſults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And ſhun the ſhining train, and golden coach.

In vain theſe dangers paſt, your doors you cloſe,
And hope the balmy bleſſings of repoſe:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with deſpair,
The midnight murd'rer burſts the faithleſs bar;

Maximus in vinclis ferri modus: ut timeas ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et ſarcula deſint.

Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam ſub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

His alias poteram, & plures ſubnectere cauſas;
Sed jumenta vocant.————
————Ergo vale noſtri memor: & quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Eleuſinam Cererem, veſtramque Dianam
Convelle a Cumis: ſatirarum ergo, ni pudet illas
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

Invades the facred hour of filent reft,
And plants, unfeen, a dagger in your breaft.
Scarce can our fields, fuch crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet fupply.
Propofe your fchemes, ye fenatorian band,
Whofe ways and means fupport the finking land;
Left ropes be wanting in the tempting fpring,
To rig another convoy for the k—g.
A fingle jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Juftice then, without conftraint ador'd,
Held high the fteady fcale, but deep'd the fword;
No fpies were paid, no fpecial juries known;
Bleft age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
Much could I add,—but fee the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewel!—When youth, and health, and fortune [fpent,
Thou fly'ft for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'ft fucceeding times;
Then fhall thy friend, nor thou refufe his aid,
Still foe to vice, forfake his Cambrian fhade;
In virtue's caufe once more exert his rage,
Thy fatire point, and animate thy page.

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET* obfervation with extenfive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager ftrife,
And watch the bufy fcenes of crowded life;
Then fay how hope and fear, defire and hate,
O'erfpread with fnares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mift delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chafes airy good.
How rarely reafon guides the ftubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the fuppliant voice;
How nations fink, by darling fchemes oppref'd,
When vengeance liftens to the fool's requeft.
Fate wings with ev'ry wifh th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;

* *Ver.* 1 — 11.

With

With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal ſweetneſs elocution flows;
Impeachment ſtops the ſpeaker's pow'rful breath,
And reſtleſs fire precipitates on death.
* But ſcarce obſerv'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral maſſacre of gold;
Wide-waſting peſt! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his ſword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge diſtorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor ſafety buys,
The dangers gather as the treaſures riſe.
Let hiſt'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title ſhakes the madded land,
When ſtatutes glean the refuſe of the ſword,
How much more ſafe the vaſſal than the lord;
Low ſculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his ſlumbers ſound,
Tho' confiſcation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller, ſerene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and ſings his toil away.
Does envy ſeize thee? cruſh th' upbraiding joy,
Increaſe his riches, and his peace deſtroy;
New fears in dire viciſſitude invade,
The ruſtling brake alarms, and quiv'ring ſhade;

* *Ver.* 12 ——— 22.

Nor light nor darkneſs bring his pain relief,
One ſhews the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet * ſtill one gen'ral cry the ſkies aſſails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling ſtateſman's fear or care,
Th' inſidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once † more, Democritus, ariſe on earth,
With cheerful wiſdom and inſtructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dreſs'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jeſt:
Thou who couldſt laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil cruſh'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And ſcarce a ſycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or ſeen a new-made mayor's unwieldly ſtate;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And ſenates heard before they judg'd a cauſe;
How wouldſt thou ſhake at Britain's modiſh tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to decry,
And pierce each ſcene with philoſophic eye.
To thee were ſolemn toys or empty ſhow,
The robes of pleaſure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whoſe joys are cauſeleſs, or whoſe griefs are vain.

* *Ver.* 23—27. † *Ver.* 28—55.

Such was the fcorn that fill'd the fage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How juft that fcorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every ftate, and canvafs ev'ry pray'r.
* Unnumber'd fuppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirft for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delufive Fortune hears th' inceffant call,
They mount, they fhine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry ftage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and infult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the finking ftatefman's door
Pours in the morning worfhipper no more;
For growing names the weekly fcribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room defcends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And fmok'd in kitchens, or in auctions fold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form diftorted juftifies the fall,
And deteftation rids th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the laft appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
Thro' Freedom's fons no more remonftrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;

* *Ver.* 56 —— 107.

Our

Our fupple tribes reprefs their patriot throats;
And afk no queftions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and feptennial ale,
Their wifh is full to riot and to rail.
  In full-blown dignity, fee Wolfey ftand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs confign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty fhine,
Still to new heights his reftlefs wifhes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conqueft unrefifted ceas'd to pleafe,
And rights fubmitted, left him none to feize.
At length his fov'reign frowns—the train of ftate
Mark the keen glance, and watch the fign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a ftranger's eye,
His fuppliants fcorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is loft the pride of awful ftate,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppref's'd,
He feeks the refuge of monaftic reft.
Grief aids difeafe, remember'd folly ftings,
And his laft fighs reproach the faith of kings.
  Speak thou, whofe thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolfey's wealth, with Wolfey's end be thine?
Or liv'ft thou now, with fafer pride content,
The wifeft juftice on the banks of Trent?

For why did Wolſey near the ſteeps of fate,
On weak foundations raiſe th' enormous weight?
Why but to ſink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?
What * gave great Villiers to th' aſſaſſin's knife,
And fix'd diſeaſe on Harley's cloſing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wiſh indulg'd in courts to ſhine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to reſign?
When † firſt the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthuſiaſt quits his eaſe for fame;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the ſtrong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours ſpread,
And ‡ Bacon's manſion trembles o'er his head.
Are theſe thy views? proceed, illuſtrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet ſhould thy ſoul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her laſt retreat;
Should Reaſon guide thee with her brighteſt ray,
And pour on miſty Doubt reſiſtleſs day;
Should no falſe Kindneſs lure to looſe delight,
Nor Praiſe relax, nor Difficulty fright;

* *Ver.* 108 —— 113. † *Ver.* 114 —— 132.

‡ There is a tradition, that the ſtudy of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon ſhall paſs under it.

Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effufe her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no Difeafe thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy fhade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the paffing world to turn thine eyes,
And paufe awhile from letters, to be wife;
There mark what ills the fcholar's life affail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations flowly wife, and meanly juft,
To buried merit raife the tardy buft.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
Nor deem, when Learning her laft prize beftows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes;
See when the vulgar 'fcape, defpis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons feize on Laud.
From meaner minds, tho' fmaller fines content
The plunder'd palace or fequefter'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the fhock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and fleep.

The * feſtal blazes, the triumphal ſhow,
The raviſh'd ſtandard, and the captive foe,
The ſenate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force reſiſtleſs o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Aſia whirl'd,
For ſuch the ſteady Romans ſhook the world;
For ſuch in diſtant lands the Britons ſhine,
And ſtain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praiſe, that virtue ſcarce can warm,
Till fame ſupplies the univerſal charm.
Yet Reaſon frowns on War's unequal game,
Where waſted nations raiſe a ſingle name,
And mortgag'd ſtates their grandſires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlaſting debt;
Wreaths which at laſt the dear-bought right convey
To ruſt on medals, or on ſtones decay.
On † what foundation ſtands the warrior's pride,
How juſt his hopes let Swediſh Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a ſoul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleaſure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific ſceptres yield,
War ſounds the trump, he ruſhes to the field;
Behold ſurrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one reſign;

* *Ver.* 133 — 146. † *Ver.* 147 — 167.

Peace courts his hand, but ſpreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,
"On Moſcow's walls till Gothic ſtandards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar ſky."
The march begins in military ſtate,
And nations on his eye ſuſpended wait;
Stern Famine guards the ſolitary coaſt,
And Winter barricades the realms of Froſt;
He comes, not want and cold his courſe delay;—
Hide, bluſhing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquiſh'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And ſhews his miſeries in diſtant lands;
Condemn'd a needy ſupplicant to wait;
While ladies interpoſe, and ſlaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no ſubverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hoſtile millions preſs him to the ground?
His fall was deſtin'd to a barren ſtrand,
A petty fortreſs, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
All * times their ſcenes of pompous woes afford,
From Perſia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hoſtility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his ſide,

* *Ver.* 168 —— 187.

Great Xerxes comes to ſeize the certain prey,
And ſtarves exhauſted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads ſooth his pride no more;
Freſh praiſe is try'd till madneſs fires his mind,
The waves he laſhes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are ſtill beſtow'd,
Till rude reſiſtance lops the ſpreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial ſhow,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' inſulted ſea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A ſingle ſkiff to ſpeed his flight remains;
Th' incumber'd oar ſcarce leaves the dreaded coaſt
Through purple billows and a floating hoſt.
  The bold Bavarian, in a luckleſs hour,
Tries the dread ſummits of Cæſarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions burſts away,
And ſees defenceleſs realms receive his ſway;
Short ſway! fair Auſtria ſpreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, ſets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacons rouſing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praiſe;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Huſſar,
And all the ſons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of haſty greatneſs finds the fatal doom,
His foes deriſion, and his ſubjects blame,
And ſteals to death from anguiſh and from ſhame.

Enlarge * my life with multitude of days,
In health, in ſickneſs, thus the ſuppliant prays;
Hides from himſelf his ſtate, and ſhuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the paſſages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous ſeaſons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With liſtleſs eyes the dotard views the ſtore,
He views, and wonders that they pleaſe no more;
Now pall the taſteleſs meats, and joyleſs wines,
And Luxury with ſighs her ſlave reſigns.
Approach, ye minſtrels, try the ſoothing ſtrain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No ſounds, alas, would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witneſs'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,
Nor ſweeter muſick of a virtuous friend,
But everlaſting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perverſely grave or poſitively wrong.
The ſtill returning tale, and ling'ring jeſt,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd gueſt,
While growing hopes ſcarce awe the gath'ring ſneer,
And ſcarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful gueſts ſtill hint the laſt offence,
The daughter's petulance, the ſon's expence,

* *Ver.* 188———288.

Improve

Improve his heady rage with treach'rous ſkill,
And mould his paſſions till they make his will.
　Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay ſiege to life, and preſs the dire blockade;
But unextinguiſh'd Av'rice ſtill remains,
And dreaded loſſes aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with ſuſpicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
　But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bleſs with an age exempt from ſcorn or crime;
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modeſt innocence away;
Whoſe peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whoſe night congratulating Conſcience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who could wiſh its end?
　Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary minutes flagging wings;
New ſorrow riſes as the day returns,
A ſiſter ſickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the ſable bier,
Now lacerated Friendſhip claims a tear.
Year chaſes year, decay purſues decay,
Still drops ſome joy from with'ring life away;
New forms ariſe, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the ſtage,

Till pitying Nature ſigns the laſt releaſe,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch ſhould the ſearch deſcend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end;
In life's laſt ſcene what prodigies ſurpriſe,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wiſe?
From Marlb'rough's eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a ſhow.
The * teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty ſpring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of roſy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe,
Whom joys with ſoft varieties invite,
By day the frolick, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who ſmile with art,
And aſk the lateſt faſhion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedleſs charms ſhall ſave,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your ſlave?
Againſt your fame with fondneſs hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With diſtant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint remonſtrance falls;

* *Ver.* 289——345.

Tir'd

Tir'd with contempt, ſhe quits the ſlipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her ſeat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the paſs defend,
The harmleſs Freedom, and the private Friend.
The guardians yield, by force ſuperior ply'd;
By Int'reſt, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.
Now Beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſs'd,
And hiſſing Infamy proclaims the reſt.
  Where * then ſhall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Muſt dull Suſpenſe corrupt the ſtagnant mind?
Muſt helpleſs man, in ignorance ſedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Muſt no diſlike alarm, no wiſhes riſe,
No cries attempt the mercies of the ſkies?
Inquirer, ceaſe, petitions yet remain,
Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raiſe for good the ſupplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the meaſure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whoſe eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret ambuſh of a ſpecious pray'r.
Implore his aid, in his deciſions reſt,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.
Yet when the ſenſe of ſacred preſence fires,
And ſtrong devotion to the ſkies aſpires,
Pour fourth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient paſſions, and a will reſign'd;

* *Ver.* 346——366.

 For

For love, which ſcarce collective man can fill;
For patience, ſov'reign o'er tranſmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier ſeat,
Counts death kind Nature's ſignal of retreat:
Theſe goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
Theſe goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With theſe celeſtial Wiſdom calms the mind,
And makes the happineſs ſhe does not find.

IRENE,

A

TRAGEDY.

PERFORMED AT

DRURY-LANE THEATRE,

IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIX.

PROLOGUE.

YE glitt'ring Train! whom lace and velvet blefs,
Sufpend the foft folicitudes of drefs;
From grov'ling bufinefs and fuperfluous care,
Ye fons of Avarice! a moment fpare:
Vot'ries of Fame and worfhippers of Pow'r!
Difmifs the pleafing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring bard, with fpirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
Learn here how Heav'n fupports the virtuous mind;
Daring, tho' calm; and vigorous, tho' refign'd.
Learn here what anguifh racks the guilty breaft,
In pow'r dependent, in fuccefs depreft.
Learn here that Peace from Innocence muft flow;
All elfe is empty found, and idle fhow.

If truths like thefe with pleafing language join;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature fhine:
If no wild draught depart from Reafon's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools:
Intriguing wits! his artlefs plot forgive;
And fpare him, beauties; tho' his lovers live.

Be this at leaft his praife; be this his pride;
To force applaufe no modern arts are try'd.
Shou'd partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal found.
Shou'd welcome fleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowfy pit.

No ſnares to captivate the judgment ſpreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd, tho' witlings ſneer and rivals rail;
Studious to pleaſe, yet not aſham'd to fail.
He ſcorns the meek addreſs, the ſuppliant ſtrain,
With merit needleſs, and without it vain.
In Reaſon, Nature, Truth he dares to truſt:
Ye Fops be ſilent! and ye Wits be juſt!

EPILOGUE.

MARRY a Turk! a haughty, tyrant king,
Who thinks us women born to drefs and fing
To pleafe his fancy, — fee no other man —
Let him perfuade me to it — if he can:
Befides, he has fifty wives; and who can bear
To have the fiftieth part her paltry fhare?

'Tis true, the fellow's handfome, ftraight, and tall;
But how the devil fhould he pleafe us all?
My fwain is little — true — but be it known,
My pride's to have that little all my own.
Men will be ever to their errors blind,
Where woman's not allow'd to fpeak her mind;
I fwear this Eaftern pageantry is nonfenfe,
And for one man — one wife's enough in confcience.

In vain proud man ufurps what's woman's due;
For us alone, they honour's paths purfue:
Infpir'd by us, they glory's heights afcend;
Woman the fource, the object, and the end.
Tho' wealth, and pow'r, and glory they receive,
Thefe all are trifles, to what we can give.
For us the ftatefman labours, hero fights,
Bears toilfome days, and wakes long tedious nights;
And when bleft peace has filenc'd war's alarms,
Receives his full reward in beauty's arms.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

MEN.

MAHOMET,	Emperor of the Turks,	Mr. BARRY.
CALI BASSA,	Firſt Viſier,	Mr. BERRY.
MUSTAPHA,	A Turkiſh Aga,	Mr. SOWDEN.
ABDALLA,	An Officer,	Mr. HAVARD.
HASAN,	Turkiſh Captains,	Mr. USHER.
CARAZA,		Mr. BURTON.
DEMETRIUS,	Greek Noblemen,	Mr. GARRICK.
LEONTIUS,		Mr. BLAKES.
MURZA,	An Eunuch,	Mr. ——

WOMEN.

ASPASIA,	Greek Ladies,	Mrs. CIBBER.
IRENE,		Mrs. PRITCHARD.

ATTENDANTS on IRENE.

I R E N E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS in Turkiſh Habits.

LEONTIUS.

AND is it thus DEMETRIUS meets his friend,
Hid in the mean diſguiſe of Turkiſh robes,
With ſervile ſecrecy to lurk in ſhades,
And vent our ſuff'rings in clandeſtine groans?

DEMETRIUS.

Till breathleſs fury reſted from deſtruction
Theſe groans were fatal, theſe diſguiſes vain:
But now our Turkiſh conquerors have quench'd
Their rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder;
No more the glutted ſabre thirſts for blood,
And weary cruelty remits her tortures.

LEONTIUS.

Yet Greece enjoys no gleam of tranſient hope,
No ſoothing interval of peaceful ſorrow;
The luſt of gold ſucceeds the rage of conqueſt,

The

The luſt of gold, unfeeling and remorſeleſs!
The laſt corruption of degenerate man!
Urg'd by th' imperious ſoldier's fierce command,
The groaning Greeks break up their golden caverns
Pregnant with ſtores, that India's mines might envy
Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

DEMETRIUS.

That wealth, too ſacred for their country's uſe!
That wealth, too pleaſing to be loſt for freedom!
That wealth, which granted to their weeping Prince,
Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates:
But thus reſerv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,
Adds ſhame to grief, and infamy to ruin.
Lamenting av'rice now too late diſcovers
Her own neglected, in the public ſafety.

LEONTIUS.

Reproach not miſery.—The ſons of Greece,
Ill-fated race! ſo oft beſieg'd in vain,
With falſe ſecurity beheld invaſion.
Why ſhould they fear?— That Power that kindly
ſpreads
The clouds, a ſignal of impending ſhow'rs,
To warn the wand'ring linnet to the ſhade,
Beheld without concern expiring Greece,
And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

DEMETRIUS.

A thouſand horrid prodigies foretold it.
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of ſinking ſtates.
When public villany, too ſtrong for juſtice,
Shows his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
Can brave LEONTIUS call for airy wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
When ſome neglected fabrick nods beneath
The weight of years, and totters to the tempeſt,
Muſt heaven diſpatch the meſſengers of light,
Or wake the dead to warn us of its fall?

LEONTIUS.

Well might the weakneſs of our empire ſink
Before ſuch foes of more than human force;
Some pow'r inviſible, from heav'n or hell,
Conducts their armies and aſſerts their cauſe.

DEMETRIUS.

And yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought
Beyond the power of conſtancy and courage?
Did unreſiſted lightning aid their cannon?
Did roaring whirlwinds ſweep us from the ramparts?
'Twas vice that ſhook our nerves, 'twas vice, Leontius,
That froze our veins, and wither'd all our powers.

LEONTIUS.

LEONTIUS.

Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand compaſſion.
Each night, protected by the friendly darkneſs,
Quitting my cloſe retreat, I range the city,
And weeping, kiſs the venerable ruins;
With ſilent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,
Sacred to prayer, and wander thro' the ſtreets;
Where commerce laviſh'd unexhauſted plenty,
And jollity maintain'd eternal revels.—

DEMETRIUS.

—How chang'd, alas!—Now gaſtly deſolation
In triumph ſits upon our ſhatter'd ſpires;
Now ſuperſtition, ignorance and error,
Uſurp our temples, and profane our altars.

LEONTIUS.

From ev'ry palace burſt a mingled clamour,
The dreadful diſſonance of barb'rous triumph,
Shrieks of affright, and wailings of diſtreſs.
Oft when the cries of violated beauty
Aroſe to heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding breaſt,
I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aſpaſia.

DEMETRIUS.

Aſpaſia! ſpare that lov'd, that mournful name:
Dear hapleſs maid—tempeſtuous grief o'erbears
My reaſoning pow'rs—Dear, hapleſs, loſt Aſpaſia!

LEONTIUS.

LEONTIUS.

Sufpend the thought.

DEMETRIUS.

All thought on her is madnefs:
Yet let me think—I fee the helplefs maid,
Behold the monfters gaze with favage rapture,
Behold how luft and rapine ftruggle round her.

LEONTIUS.

Awake, Demetrius, from this difmal dream,
Sink not beneath imaginary forrows:
Call to your aid, your courage, and your wifdom;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty pow'r of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

DEMETRIUS.

O Providence! extend thy care to me,
For courage droops unequal to the combat,
And weak philofophy denies her fuccours.
Sure fome kind fabre in the heat of battle,
Ere yet the foe found leifure to be cruel,
Difmifs'd her to the fky.

LEONTIUS.

Some virgin martyr,
Perhaps, enamour'd of refembling virtue,

With gentle hand reſtrain'd the ſtreams of life,
And ſnatch'd her timely from her country's fate.

DEMETRIUS.

From thoſe bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou ſhin'ſt among thy fellow-ſaints,
Array'd in purer light, look down on me:
In pleaſing viſions, and aſſuaſive dreams,
O! ſooth my ſoul, and teach me how to loſe thee.

LEONTIUS.

Enough of unavailing tears, Demetrius;
I came obedient to thy friendly ſummons,
And hop'd to ſhare thy counſels, not thy ſorrows:
While thus we mourn the fortune of Aſpaſia,
To what are we reſerv'd?

DEMETRIUS.

To what I know not:
But hope, yet hope, to happineſs and honour;
If happineſs can be without Aſpaſia.

LEONTIUS.

But whence this new-ſprung hope?

DEMETRIUS.

From Cali Baſſa:
The chief, whoſe wiſdom guides the Turkiſh counſels,
He, tir'd of ſlav'ry, tho' the higheſt ſlave,

Projects at once our freedom and his own ;
And bids us thus disguis'd await him here.

LEONTIUS.

Can he restore the state he could not save ?
In vain, when Turkey's troops assail'd our walls,
His kind intelligence betray'd their measures;
Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

DEMETRIUS.

When the tenth sun had set upon our sorrows,
At midnight's private hour a voice unknown
Sounds in my sleeping ear, " Awake, Demetrius,
" Awake, and follow me to better fortunes;"
Surpris'd I start, and bless the happy dream ;
Then rouzing know the fiery Chief Abdalla,
Whose quick impatience seiz'd my doubtful hand,
And led me to the shore where Cali stood,
Pensive and list'ning to the beating surge.
There in soft hints and in ambiguous phrase,
With all the diffidence of long experience,
That oft' had practis'd fraud, and oft' detected,
The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.
By his command, equip'd for speedy flight,
Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,
Mann'd with the bravest of our fellow captives,
Selected by my care, a hardy band,
That long to hail thee Chief.

LEONTIUS.

But what avails
So ſmall a force? or why ſhould Cali fly?
Or how can Cali's flight reſtore our country?

DEMETRIUS.

Reſerve theſe queſtions for a ſafer hour.
Or hear himſelf, for ſee the Baſſa comes.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, CALI BASSA.

CALI.

Now ſummon all thy ſoul, illuſtrious Chriſtian!
Awake each faculty that ſleeps within thee,
The courtier's policy, the ſage's firmneſs,
The warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal;
If chaſing paſt events with vain purſuit,
Or wand'ring in the wilds of future being,
A ſingle thought now rove, recall it home.
But can thy friend ſuſtain the glorious cauſe,
The cauſe of liberty, the cauſe of nations?

DEMETRIUS.

Obſerve him cloſely with a ſtateſman's eye,
Thou that haſt long perus'd the draughts of nature,
And know'ſt the characters of vice and virtue,
Left by the hand of heav'n on human clay.

CALI.

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great,
Nor fprightly folly wantons in his air,
Nor dull ferenity becalms his eyes.
Such had I trufted once as foon as feen,
But cautious age fufpects the flatt'ring form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has filence prefs'd her feal upon his lips?
Does adamantine faith inveft his heart?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
Will he not foften in a friend's embrace?
Or flow diffolving in a woman's tears?

DEMETRIUS.

Sooner thefe trembling leaves fhall find a voice,
And tell the fecrets of their confcious walks;
Sooner the breeze fhall catch the flying founds,
And fhock the tyrant with a tale of treafon.
Your flaughter'd multitudes that fwell the fhore,
With monuments of death proclaim his courage;
Virtue and liberty engrofs his foul,
And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

LEONTIUS.

I fcorn a truft unwillingly repos'd;
Demetrius will not lead me to difhonour;

Confult in private; call me when your fcheme
Is ripe for action, and demands the fword. [*Going.*

DEMETRIUS.

Leontius, ftay.

CALI.

Forgive an old man's weaknefs,
And fhare the deepeft fecrets of my foul,
My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my defigns.—
When unfuccefsful wars, and civil factions,
Embroil'd the Turkifh ftate — our Sultan's father
Great Amurath, at my requeft, forfook
The cloifter's eafe, refum'd the tott'ring throne,
And fnatch'd the reins of abdicated pow'r
From giddy Mahomet's unfkilful hand.
This fir'd the youthful King's ambitious breaft,
He murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,
And dooms my rafh fidelity to ruin.

DEMETRIUS.

Unhappy lot of all that fhine in courts;
For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
Still odious to the monarch, or the people.

CALI.

Such are the woes when arbitrary pow'r,
And lawlefs paffion, hold the fword of Juftice.
If there be any land, as Fame reports,

Where

Where common laws reftrain the prince and fubject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied ftate,
Sure, not unconfcious of the mighty blefling,
Her grateful fons fhine bright with ev'ry virtue;
Untainted with the luft of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the facred chain of Nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

LEONTIUS.

But fay, great Baffa, why the Sultan's anger,
Burning in vain, delays the ftroke of death?

CALI.

Young, and unfettled in his father's kingdoms,
Fierce as he was, he dreaded to deftroy
The empire's darling, and the foldier's boaft;
But now confirm'd, and fwelling with his conquefts,
Secure he tramples my declining fame,
Frowns unreftrain'd, and dooms me with his eyes.

DEMETRIUS.

What can reverfe thy doom?

CALI.

The tyrant's death.

DEMETRIUS.

But Greece is ftill forgot.

CALI.

On Afia's coaft,
Which lately blefs'd my gentle government,
Soon as the Sultan's unexpected fate
Fills all th' aftonifh'd empire with confufion,
My policy fhall raife an eafy throne;
The Turkifh pow'rs from Europe fhall retreat,
And harafs Greece no more with wafteful war.
A galley mann'd with Greeks, thy charge, Leontius,
Attends to waft us to repofe and fafety.

DEMETRIUS.

That veffel, if obferv'd, alarms the court,
And gives a thoufand fatal queftions birth;
Why ftor'd for flight? and why prepar'd by Cali?

CALI.

This hour I'll beg, with unfufpecting face,
Leave to perform my pilgrimage to Mecca;
Which granted, hides my purpofe from the world,
And, though refus'd, conceals it from the Sultan.

LEONTIUS.

How can a fingle hand attempt a life
Which armies guard, and citadels enclofe?

CALI.

Forgetful of command, with captive beauties,
Far from his troops, he toys his hours away.

A roving foldier feiz'd in Sophia's temple
A virgin fhining with diftinguifh'd charms,
And brought his beauteous plunder to the Sultan.

DEMETRIUS.

In Sophia's Temple! — What alarm! — Proceed.

CALI.

The Sultan gaz'd, he wonder'd, and he lov'd;
In paffion loft, he bad the conqu'ring fair
Renounce her faith, and be the Queen of Turkey;
The pious maid, with modeft indignation,
Threw back the glitt'ring bribe.

DEMETRIUS.

Celeftial Goodnefs!
It muft, it muft be fhe; her name?

CALI.

Afpafia.

DEMETRIUS.

What hopes, what terrors rufh upon my foul!
O lead me quickly to the fcene of fate?
Break through the politician's tedious forms,
Afpafia calls me, let me fly to fave her.

LEONTIUS.

Did Mahomet reproach or praife her virtue?

CALI.

His offers oft repeated, ftill refus'd,
At length rekindled his accuftom'd fury,

And chang'd th' endearing ſmile and am'rous whiſper
To threats of torture, death, and violation.

DEMETRIUS.

Theſe tedious narratives of frozen age
Diſtract my ſoul, diſpatch thy ling'ring tale;
Say, did a voice from Heav'n reſtrain the tyrant?
Did interpoſing angels guard her from him?

CALI.

Juſt in the moment of impending fate,
Another plunderer brought the bright Irene;
Of equal beauty, but of ſofter mien,
Fear in her eye, ſubmiſſion on her tongue,
Her mournful charms attracted his regards,
Diſarm'd his rage, and in repeated viſits
Gain'd all his heart; at length his eager love
To her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

LEONTIUS.

Nor found again the bright temptation fail?

CALI.

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuſe,
While Heav'n and Mahomet divide her fears,
With coy careſſes and with pleaſing wiles
She feeds his hopes, and ſooths him to delay.
For her, repoſe is baniſh'd from the night
And buſineſs from the day. In her apartments
He lives ———

LEONTIUS.

And there muſt fall.

CALI.

But yet th' attempt
Is hazardous.

LEONTIUS.

Forbear to ſpeak of hazards;
What has the wretch that has ſurviv'd his country,
His friends, his liberty, to hazard?

CALI.

Life.

DEMETRIUS.

Th' ineſtimable privilege of breathing!
Important hazard! What's that airy bubble
When weigh'd with Greece, with virtue, with Aſpaſia?
A floating atom, duſt that falls unheeded
Into the adverſe ſcale, nor ſhakes the balance.

CALI.

At leaſt this day be calm —— If we ſucceed,
Aſpaſia's thine, and all thy life is rapture —
See! Muſtapha, the tyrant's minion, comes;
Inveſt Leontius with his new command;
And wait Abdalla's unſuſpected viſits:
Remember freedom, glory, Greece, and love.

[*Exeunt* Demetrius and Leontius.

SCENE III.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

By what enchantment does this lovely Greek
Hold in her chains the captivated Sultan?
He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praiſe,
And ſeeks the ſhades to muſe upon Irene;
Irene ſteals unheeded from his tongue,
And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry thought.

CALI.

Why ſhould the Sultan ſhun the joys of beauty,
Or arm his breaſt againſt the force of love?
Love, that with ſweet viciſſitude relieves
The warrior's labours, and the monarch's cares.
But will ſhe yet receive the faith of Mecca?

MUSTAPHA.

Thoſe pow'rful tyrants of the female breaſt,
Fear and ambition, urge her to compliance?
Dreſs'd in each charm of gay magnificence,
Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms,
Religion calls her from the wiſh'd embrace,
Paints future joys, and points to diſtant glories.

CALI.

Soon will th' unequal conteſt be decided.

Profpects obfcur'd by diftance faintly ftrike;
Each pleafure brightens at its near approach,
And every danger fhocks with double horror.

MUSTAPHA.

How fhall I fcorn the beautiful apoftate?
How will the bright Afpafia fhine above her!

CALI.

Should fhe, for profelytes are always zealous,
With pious warmth receive our prophet's law —

MUSTAPHA.

Heav'n will contemn the mercenary fervour,
Which love of greatnefs, not of truth, inflames.

CALI.

Ceafe, ceafe thy cenfures, for the Sultan comes
Alone, with am'rous hafte to feek his love.

SCENE IV.

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

Hail, terror of the monarchs of the world,
Unfhaken be thy throne as earth's firm bafe,
Live till the fun forgets to dart his beams,
And weary planets loiter in their courfes.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

But, Cali, let Irene ſhare thy prayers ;
For what is length of days without Irene ?
I come from empty noiſe, and taſteleſs pomp,
From crowds that hide a monarch from himſelf,
To prove the ſweets of privacy and friendſhip,
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

CALI.

O may her beauties laſt unchang'd by time,
As thoſe that bleſs the manſions of the good.

MAHOMET.

Each realm where beauty turns the graceful ſhape,
Swells the fair breaſt or animates the glance,
Adorns my palace with its brighteſt virgins ;
Yet unacquainted with theſe ſoft emotions
I walk'd ſuperior, through the blaze of charms,
Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.
Why rove I now, when abſent from my fair,
From ſolitude to crowds, from crowds to ſolitude,
Still reſtleſs, till I claſp the lovely maid,
And eaſe my loaded ſoul upon her boſom ?

MUSTAPHA.

Forgive, great Sultan, that intruſive duty
Inquires the final doom of Menodorus,
The Grecian counſellor.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Go ſee him die;
His martial rhet'rick taught the Greeks reſiſtance;
Had they prevail'd, I ne'er had known Irene.

Exit Muſtapha.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, CALI.

MAHOMET.

Remote from tumult, in th' adjoining palace,
Thy care ſhall guard this treaſure of my ſoul;
There let Aſpaſia, ſince my fair entreats it,
With converſe chaſe the melancholy moments.
Sure, chill'd with ſixty winter camps, thy blood
At ſight of female charms will glow no more.

CALI.

Theſe years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand
Deſires more pure, and other cares than love.
Long have I wiſh'd, before our prophet's tomb,
To pour my prayers for thy ſucceſsful reign,
To quit the tumults of the noiſy camp,
And ſink into the ſilent grave in peace.

MAHOMET.

What! think of peace while haughty Scanderbeg
Elate with conqueſt, in his native mountains,

Prowls

Prowls o'er the wealthy ſpoils of bleeding Turkey?
While fair Hungaria's unexhauſted vallies
Pour forth their legions, and the roaring Danube
Rolls half his floods unheard through ſhouting camps?
Nor couldſt thou more ſupport a life of ſloth
Than Amurath —

CALI.

Still full of Amurath! [*Aſide.*

MAHOMET.

Than Amurath, accuſtom'd to command,
Could bear his ſon upon the Turkiſh throne.

CALI.

This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd —

MAHOMET.

For thoſe who could not pleaſe by nobler ſervice.—
Our warlike prophet loves an active faith,
The holy flame of enterprizing virtue,
Mocks the dull vows of ſolitude and penance,
And ſcorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion;
Shine thou diſtinguiſh'd by ſuperior merit,
With wonted zeal purſue the taſk of war,
Till every nation reverence the Koran,
And every ſuppliant lift his eyes to Mecca.

CALI.

This regal confidence, this pious ardour,
Let prudence moderate, though not ſuppreſs.

Is not each realm that ſmiles with kinder ſuns,
Or boaſts a happier ſoil, already thine?
Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges ſolid ſtrength for feeble ſplendor.

MAHOMET.

Preach thy dull politics to vulgar kings,
Thou know'ſt not yet thy maſter's future greatneſs,
His vaſt deſigns, his plans of boundleſs pow'r.
When ev'ry ſtorm in my domain ſhall roar,
When ev'ry wave ſhall beat a Turkiſh ſhore,
Then, Cali, ſhall the toils of battle ceaſe,
Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ASPASIA, IRENE.

IRENE.

ASPASIA, yet purfue the facred theme;
Exhauft the ftores of pious eloquence,
And teach me to repel the Sultan's paffion.
Still at Afpafia's voice a fudden rapture
Exalts my foul, and fortifies my heart.
The glitt'ring vanities of empty greatnefs,
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,
Diffolve in air, and vanifh into nothing.

ASPASIA.

Let nobler hopes and jufter fears fucceed,
And bar the paffes of Irene's mind
Againft returning guilt.

IRENE.

When thou art abfent
Death rifes to my view, with all his terrors;
Then vifions horrid as a murd'rer's dreams
Chill my refolves, and blaft my blooming virtue:
Stern torture fhakes his bloody fcourge before me,
And anguifh gnafhes on the fatal wheel.

ASPASIA.

Since fear predominates in every thought,
And ſways thy breaſt with abſolute dominion,
Think on th' inſulting ſcorn, the conſcious pangs,
The future miſeries that wait th' apoſtate;
So ſhall timidity aſſiſt thy reaſon,
And wiſdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

IRENE.

Will not that pow'r that form'd the heart of woman,
And wove the feeble texture of her nerves,
Forgive thoſe fears that ſhake the tender frame?

ASPASIA.

The weakneſs we lament, ourſelves create;
Inſtructed from our infant years to court
With counterfeited fears the aid of man,
We learn to ſhudder at the ruſtling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
Till affectation, rip'ning to belief,
And folly, frighted at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice uſurps the ſoul.

IRENE.

Not all like thee can brave the ſhocks of fate,
Thy ſoul by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,
Soars unencumber'd with our idle cares,
And all Aſpaſia, but her beauty, 's man.

ASPASIA.

Each generous fentiment is thine, Demetrius;
Whofe foul, perhaps, yet mindful of Afpafia,
Now hovers o'er this melancholy fhade,
Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten:
O! could the grave reftore the pious hero,
Soon would his art or valour fet us free,
And bear us far from fervitude and crimes.

IRENE.

He yet may live.

ASPASIA.

Alas! delufive dream!
Too well I know him, his immod'rate courage,
Th' impetuous fallies of exceffive virtue,
Too ftrong for love, have hurried him on death.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI, *to* ABDALLA, *as they advance.*

Behold our future Sultanefs, Abdalla;
Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull fufpicion,
Glide through Irene to the Sultan's ear.
Wouldft thou fubdue th' obdurate Cannibal
To tender friendfhip, praife him to his miftrefs.

To Irene.

Well may thoſe eyes that view theſe heavenly charms
Reject the daughters of contending kings;
For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,
Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine?

Abdalla.

Receive th' impatient Sultan to thy arms;
And may a long poſterity of monarchs,
The pride and terror of ſucceeding days,
Riſe from the happy bed; and future queens
Diffuſe Irene's beauty through the world.

Irene.

Can Mahomet's imperial hand deſcend
To claſp a ſlave? or, can a ſoul like mine,
Unus'd to power, and form'd for humbler ſcenes,
Support the ſplendid miſeries of greatneſs?

Cali.

No regal pageant deck'd with caſual honours,
Scorn'd by his ſubjects, trampled by his foes;
No feeble tyrant of a petty ſtate
Courts thee to ſhake on a dependent throne;
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,
The Sultan from himſelf derives his greatneſs.
Obſerve, bright maid, as his reſiſtleſs voice
Drives on the tempeſt of deſtructive war,
How nation after nation falls before him.

ABDALLA.

At his dread name the diſtant mountains ſhake
Their cloudy ſummits, and the ſons of fierceneſs,
That range unciviliz'd from rock to rock,
Diſtruſt th' eternal fortreſſes of nature,
And wiſh their gloomy caverns more obſcure.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this laviſh pomp of dreadful praiſe;
The horrid images of war and ſlaughter
Renew our ſorrows, and awake our fears.

ABDALLA.

Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford
A doubtful glimpſe of our approaching friends;
Juſt as I mark'd them, they forſook the ſhore,
And turn'd their haſty ſteps towards the garden.

CALI.

Conduct theſe queens, Abdalla, to the palace:
Such heav'nly beauty form'd for adoration,
The pride of monarchs, the reward of conqueſt;
Such beauty muſt not ſhine to vulgar eyes.

SCENE III.

CALI *solus.*

How heav'n, in ſcorn of human arrogance,
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations!
While with inceſſant thought laborious man
Extends his mighty ſchemes of wealth and pow'r,
And tow'rs and triumphs in ideal greatneſs;
Some accidental guſt of oppoſition
Blaſts all the beauties of his new creation,
O'erturns the fabrick of preſumptuous reaſon,
And whelms the ſwelling architect beneath it.
Had not the breeze untwin'd the meeting boughs,
And through the parted ſhade diſclos'd the Greeks,
Th' important hour had paſs'd unheeded by,
In all the ſweet oblivion of delight,
In all the fopperies of meeting lovers;
In ſighs and tears, in tranſports and embraces,
In ſoft complaints, and idle proteſtations.

SCENE IV.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

CALI.

Could omens fright the reſolute and wiſe,
Well might we fear impending diſappointments.

 LEONTIUS.

LEONTIUS.

Your artful ſuit, your monarch's fierce denial,
The cruel doom of hapleſs Menodorus.——

DEMETRIUS.

And your new charge, that dear, that heavn'ly maid.—

LEONTIUS.

All this we know already from Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Such ſlight defeats but animate the brave
To ſtronger efforts, and maturer counſels.

CALI.

My doom confirm'd eſtabliſhes my purpoſe:
Calmly he heard, till Amurath's reſumption
Roſe to his thought, and ſet his ſoul on fire:
When from his lips the fatal name burſt out,
A ſudden pauſe th' imperfect ſenſe ſuſpended,
Like the dread ſtillneſs of condenſing ſtorms.

DEMETRIUS.

The loudeſt cries of nature urge us forward;
Deſpotick rage purſues the life of Cali;
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid;
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,
The powerful voice of love inflames Demetrius,
Each ling'ring hour alarms me for Aſpaſia.

CALI.

What paſſions reign among thy crew, Leontius?
Does cheerleſs diffidence oppreſs their hearts?
Or ſprightly hope exalt their kindling ſpirits?
Do they with pain repreſs the ſtruggling ſhout,
And liſten eager to the riſing wind?

LEONTIUS.

All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage,
No cloudy doubts, or languiſhing delays;
Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,
At once a hundred voices thunder'd round me,
And every voice was liberty and Greece.

DEMETRIUS.

Swift, let us ruſh upon the careleſs tyrant,
Nor give him leiſure for another crime.

LEONTIUS.

Then let us now reſolve, nor idly waſte
Another hour in dull deliberation.

CALI.

But ſee, where deſtin'd to protract our counſels,
Comes Muſtapha.—Your Turkiſh robes conceal you,
Retire with ſpeed, while I prepare to meet him
With artificial ſmiles, and ſeeming friendſhip.

SCENE V.

CALI and MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

I fee the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow,
Thefe days of love and pleafure charm not thee;
Too flow thefe gentle conftellations roll,
Thou long'ft for ftars that frown on human kind,
And fcatter difcord from their baleful beams.

MUSTAPHA.

How bleft art thou, ftill jocund and ferene,
Beneath the load of bufinefs, and of years.

CALI.

Sure by fome wond'rous fympathy of fouls,
My heart ftill beats refponfive to the Sultan's;
I fhare, by fecret inftinct, all his joys,
And feel no forrow while my fov'reign fmiles.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan comes, impatient for his love;
Conduct her hither, let no rude intrufion
Moleft thefe private walks, or care invade
Thefe hours affign'd to pleafure and Irene.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Now, Muftapha, purfue thy tale of horror.
Has treafon's dire infection reach'd my palace?
Can Cali dare the ftroke of heav'nly juftice,
In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,
And load with perjuries his parting foul?
Was it for this, that fick'ning in Epirus,
My father call'd me to his couch of death,
Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and falt'ring cry'd,
Reftrain the fervour of impetuous youth
With venerable Cali's faithful counfels?
Are thefe the counfels? This the faith of Cali?
Were all our favours lavifh'd on a villain?
Confeft? ———

MUSTAPHA.

Confeft by dying Menodorus.
In his laft agonies the gafping coward,
Amidft the tortures of the burning fteel,
Still fond of life, groan'd out the dreadful fecret,
Held forth this fatal fcroll, then funk to nothing.

MAHOMET, *examining the paper.*

His correfpondence with our foes of Greece!

His hand! His feal! The fecrets of my foul
Conceal'd from all but him! All! all confpire
To banifh doubt, and brand him for a villain.
Our fchemes for ever crofs'd, our mines difcover'd,
Betray'd fome traitor lurking near my bofom.
Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-wafting cannon
Lay pointed at our batt'ries yet unform'd,
And broke the meditated lines of war.
Detefted Cali too, with artful wonder,
Would fhake his wily head, and clofely whifper,
Beware of Muftapha, beware of treafon.

MUSTAPHA.

The faith of Muftapha difdains fufpicion;
But yet, great Emperor, beware of treafon.
Th' infidious Baffa fir'd by difappointment ——

MAHOMET.

Shall feel the vengeance of an injur'd king.
Go, feize him, load him with reproachful chains;
Before th' affembled troops proclaim his crimes;
Then leave him ftretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,
Amidft the camp to howl his life away.

MUSTAPHA.

Should we before the troops proclaim his crimes,
I dread his arts of feeming innocence,
His bland addrefs, and forcery of tongue;
And fhould he fall unheard, by fudden juftice,
Th' adoring foldiers would revenge their idol.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Cali, this day with hypocritick zeal,
Implor'd my leave to viſit Mecca's temple;
Struck with the wonder of a ſtateſman's goodneſs,
I rais'd his thoughts to more ſublime devotion.
Now let him go, purſu'd by ſilent wrath,
Meet unexpected daggers in his way,
And in ſome diſtant land obſcurely die.

MUSTAPHA.

There will his boundleſs wealth, the ſpoil of Aſia,
Heap'd by your father's ill-plac'd bounties on him,
Diſperſe rebellion through the Eaſtern world;
Bribe to his cauſe and liſt beneath his banners
Arabia's roving troops, the ſons of ſwiftneſs,
And arm the Perſian heretick againſt thee;
There ſhall he waſte thy frontiers, check thy conqueſts,
And though at length ſubdued, elude thy vengeance.

MAHOMET.

Elude my vengeance? no—My troops ſhall range
Th' eternal ſnows that freeze beyond Meotis,
And Afric's torrid ſands, in ſearch of Cali.
Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings
Bear him aloft above the wond'ring clouds,
And ſeat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,
Thence ſhould my fury drag him down to tortures;
Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

MUSTAPHA.

Wilt thou difmifs the favage from the toils,
Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world?

MAHOMET.

Sufpend his fentence—Empire and Irene
Claim my divided foul. This wretch, unworthy
To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw afide
For idle hours, and crufh him at my leifure.

MUSTAPHA.

Let not th' unbounded greatnefs of his mind
Betray my king to negligence of danger.
Perhaps the clouds of dark confpiracy
Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.
Twice fince the morning rofe I faw the Baffa,
Like a fell adder fwelling in a brake,
Beneath the covert of this verdant arch
In private conference; befide him ftood
Two men unknown, the partners of his bofom;
I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face
The gloomy refolution, horrid greatnefs,
And ftern compofure of defpairing heroes;
And, to confirm my thought, at fight of me,
As blafted by my prefence, they withdrew
With all the fpeed of terror and of guilt.

MAHOMET.

The ftrong emotions of my troubled foul

Allow no paufe for art or for contrivance;
And dark perplexity diftracts my counfels.
Do thou refolve: For fee Irene comes!
At her approach each ruder guft of thought
Sinks like the fighing of a tempeft fpent,
And gales of fofter paffion fan my bofom.

[Cali *enters with* Irene, *and exit with* Muftapha.

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, IRENE.

MAHOMET.

Wilt thou defcend, fair daughter of perfection,
To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen?
Ah! ceafe, Irene, ceafe thofe flowing forrows,
That melt a heart impregnable till now,
And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.
How will the matchlefs beauties of Irene,
Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
With all the graceful pride of greatnefs heighten'd,
Amidft the blaze of jewels and of gold,
Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion.

IRENE.

Why all this glare of fplendid eloquence,
To paint the pageantries of guilty ftate?

Muft

Muſt I for theſe renounce the hope of heav'n;
Immortal crowns and fullneſs of enjoyment?

MAHOMET.

Vain raptures all— For your inferior natures
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reſerv'd no future Paradiſe,
But bids you rove the paths of bliſs, ſecure
Of total death and careleſs of hereafter;
While heav'n's high miniſter, whoſe awful volume
Records each act, each thought of ſov'reign man,
Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trifler unregarded.

IRENE.

Why then has nature's vain munificence
Profuſely pour'd her bounties upon woman?
Whence then thoſe charms thy tongue has deign'd to
flatter,
That air reſiſtleſs and enchanting bluſh,
Unleſs the beauteous fabrick was deſign'd
A habitation for a fairer ſoul?

MAHOMET.

Too high, bright maid, thou rat'ſt exterior grace:
Not always do the faireſt flow'rs diffuſe
The richeſt odours, nor the ſpeckled ſhells
Conceal the gem; let female arrogance
Obſerve the feather'd wand'rers of the ſky;

With purple varied and bedrop'd with gold,
They prune the wing, and ſpread the gloſſy plumes,
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to ſhine,
And cheer the weary paſſenger with muſick.

IRENE.

Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world
Implores our ſmiles, and trembles at our feet:
Whence flow the hopes and fears, deſpair and rapture,
Whence all the bliſs and agonies of love?

MAHOMET.

Why, when the balm of ſleep deſcends on man,
Do gay deluſions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
Sooth the delighted ſoul with empty bliſs!
To want give affluence? and to ſlav'ry freedom?
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
A fancy'd treaſure, and a waking dream.

IRENE.

Then let me once, in honour of our ſex,
Aſſume the boaſtful arrogance of man.
Th' attractive ſoftneſs, and th' endearing ſmile,
And pow'rful glance, 'tis granted, are our own;
Nor has impartial nature's frugal hand
Exhauſted all her nobler gifts on you;
Do not we ſhare the comprehenſive thought,
Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reaſon?

Beats

Beats not the female breaſt with gen'rous paſſions,
The thirſt of empire, and the love of glory?

MAHOMET.

Illuſtrious maid, new wonders fix me thine,
Thy ſoul completes the triumphs of thy face.
I thought, forgive my fair, the nobleſt aim,
The ſtrongeſt effort of a female ſoul,
Was but to chooſe the graces of the day;
To tune the tongue, to teach the eyes to roll,
Diſpoſe the colours of the flowing robe,
And add new roſes to the faded cheek.
Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,
To ſhine the goddeſs of applauding nations,
To ſcatter happineſs and plenty round thee,
To bid the proſtrate captive riſe and live,
To ſee new cities tow'r at thy command,
And blaſted kingdoms flouriſh at thy ſmile?

IRENE.

Charm'd with the thought of bleſſing human kind,
Too calm I liſten to the flatt'ring ſounds.

MAHOMET.

O ſeize the power to bleſs—Irene's nod
Shall break the fetters of the groaning Chriſtian;
Greece, in her lovely patroneſs ſecure,
Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

IRENE.

Forbear—O do not urge me to my ruin!

MAHOMET.

To ſtate and pow'r I court thee, not to ruin:
Smile on my wiſhes, and command the globe.
Security ſhall ſpread her ſhield before thee,
And love infold thee with his downy wings.
If greatneſs pleaſe thee, mount th' imperial ſeat;
If pleaſure charm thee, view this ſoft retreat;
Here ev'ry warbler of the ſky ſhall ſing;
Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry ſpring:
To deck theſe bow'rs each region ſhall combine,
And ev'n our prophet's gardens envy thine:
Empire and love ſhall ſhare the bliſsful day,
And varied life ſteal unperceiv'd away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI *enters with a diſcontented Air; to him enters* ABDALLA.

CALI.

IS this the fierce conſpirator Abdalla?
Is this the reſtleſs diligence of treaſon?
Where haſt thou linger'd while th' encumber'd hours
Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,
And hungry ſlaughter ſcents imperial blood?

ABDALLA.

Important cares detain'd me from your counſels.

CALI.

Some petty paſſion! ſome domeſtick trifle;
Some vain amuſement of a vacant ſoul!
A weeping wife perhaps, or dying friend,
Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure.
Is this a time for ſoftneſs or for ſorrow?
Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues!
When eager vengeance ſhows a naked foe,
And kind ambition points the way to greatneſs.

ABDALLA.

Muſt then ambition's votaries infringe
The laws of kindneſs, break the bonds of nature?
And quit the names of brother, friend, and father?

CALI.

This ſov'reign paſſion, ſcornful of reſtraint,
Ev'n from the birth affects ſupreme command,
Swells in the breaſt, and with reſiſtleſs force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
As when a deluge overſpreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulet, and ſilver lake,
Mix undiſtinguiſh'd with the gen'ral roar.

ABDALLA.

Yet can ambition in Abdalla's breaſt
Claim but the ſecond place: there mighty love
Has fix'ſt his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,
His glowing wiſhes, and his jealous pangs.

CALI.

Love is indeed the privilege of youth;
Yet, on a day like this, when expectation
Pants for the dread event — But let us reaſon —

ABDALLA.

Haſt thou grown old amidſt the crowd of courts,
And turn'd th' inſtructive page of human life,
To cant, at laſt, of reaſon to a lover?

 Such

Such ill-tim'd gravity, ſuch ſerious folly,
Might well befit the ſolitary ſtudent,
Th' unpractis'd dervife, or ſequeſter'd faquir.
Know'ſt thou not yet, when love invades the ſoul,
That all her faculties receive his chains?
That reaſon gives her ſceptre to his hand,
Or only ſtruggles to be more enſlav'd?
Aſpaſia, who can look upon thy beauties?
Who hear thee ſpeak, and not abandon reaſon?
Reaſon! the hoary dotard's dull directreſs,
That loſes all becauſe ſhe hazards nothing:
Reaſon! the tim'rous pilot, that to ſhun
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port.

CALI.

But why this ſudden warmth?

ABDALLA.

Becauſe I love:
Becauſe my ſlighted paſſion burns in vain!
Why roars the lioneſs diſtreſs'd by hunger?
Why foam the ſwelling waves when tempeſts riſe?
Why ſhakes the ground, when ſubterraneous fires
Fierce through the burſting caverns rend their way?

CALI.

Not till this day thou ſaw'ſt this fatal fair;
Did ever paſſion make ſo ſwift a progreſs?
Once more reflect, ſuppreſs this infant folly.

ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

Groſs fires, enkindled by a mortal hand,
Spread by degrees, and dread th' oppreſſing ſtream;
The ſubtler flames emitted from the ſky,
Flaſh out at once, with ſtrength above reſiſtance.

CALI.

How did Aſpaſia welcome your addreſs?
Did you proclaim this unexpected conqueſt?
Or pay with ſpeaking eyes a lover's homage?

ABDALLA.

Confounded, aw'd, and loſt in admiration,
I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not ſpeak:
When ev'n as love was breaking off from wonder,
And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,
She mark'd my ſparkling eyes, and heaving breaſt,
And ſmiling, conſcious of her charms, withdrew.

Enter Demetrius *and* Leontius.

CALI.

Now be ſome moments maſter of thyſelf,
Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.
Hence! or be calm — To diſagree is ruin.

SCENE II.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

DEMETRIUS.

When will occafion fmile upon our wifhes,
And give the tortures of fufpence a period?
Still muft we linger in uncertain hope?
Still languifh in our chains, and dream of freedom,
Like thirfty failors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death fhoots through their wither'd limbs?

CALI.

Deliverance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,
Sunk in his pleafures, confident and gay,
With all the hero's dull fecurity,
Trufts to my care his miftrefs and his life,
And laughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

LEONTIUS.

So weak is man, when deftin'd to deftruction,
The watchful flumber, and the crafty truft.

CALI.

At my command yon' iron gates unfold;
At my command the fentinels retire;
With all the licence of authority,
Through bowing flaves, I range the private rooms,
And of to-morrow's action fix the fcene.

DEMETRIUS.

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wisdom
Borne down with years, still doat upon to-morrow?
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier lab'ring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

LEONTIUS.

The present hour with open arms invites,
Seize the kind fair, and press her to thy bosom.

DEMETRIUS.

Who knows, ere this important morrow rise,
But fear or mutiny may taint the Greeks?
Who knows if Mahomet's awaking anger
May spare the fatal bow-string till to-morrow?

ABDALLA.

Had our first Asian foes but known this ardour,
We still had wander'd on Tartarian hills.

Roufe, Cali, fhall the fons of conquer'd Greece
Lead us to danger, and abafh their victors?
This night with all her confcious ftars be witnefs,
Who merits moft, Demetrius or Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Who merits moft! — I knew not we were rivals.

CALI.

Young man, forbear—The heat of youth, no more—
Well,—'tis decreed—This night fhall fix our fate.
Soon as the veil of evening clouds the fky,
With cautious fecrecy, Leontius, fteer
Th' appointed veffel to yon fhaded bay,
Form'd by this garden jutting on the deep;
There, with your foldiers arm'd, and fails expanded,
Await our coming, equally prepar'd
For fpeedy flight, or obftinate defence. [*Exit* Leont.

SCENE III.

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Now paufe, great Baffa, from the thoughts of blood,
And kindly grant an ear to gentler founds.
If e'er thy youth has known the pangs of abfence,
Or felt th' impatience of obftructed love,
Give me, before th' approaching hour of fate,

Once

Once to behold the charms of bright Aſpaſia,
And draw new virtue from her heav'nly tongue.

CALI.

Let prudence, ere the ſuit be further urged,
Impartial weigh the pleaſure with the danger.
A little longer and ſhe's thine for ever.

DEMETRIUS.

Prudence and love conſpire in this requeſt,
Leſt, unacquainted with our bold attempt,
Surpriſe o'erwhelm her, and retard our flight.

CALI.

What I can grant, you cannot aſk in vain—

DEMETRIUS.

I go to wait thy call; this kind conſent
Completes the gift of freedom and of life. [*Exit* Dem.

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

And this is my reward—to burn, to languiſh,
To rave unheeded, while the happy Greek,
The refuſe of our ſwords, the droſs of conqueſt,
Throws his fond arms about Aſpaſia's neck.
Dwells on her lips, and ſighs upon her breaſt;

Is't

Is't not enough, he lives by our indulgence,
But he muſt live to make his maſters wretched?

CALI.

What claim haſt thou to plead?

ABDALLA.

The claim of pow'r,
Th' unqueſtion'd claim of conquerors and kings!

CALI.

Yet in the uſe of pow'r remember juſtice.

ABDALLA.

Can then th' aſſaſſin lift his treach'rous hand
Againſt his king, and cry, remember juſtice?
Juſtice demands the forfeit life of Cali;
Juſtice demands that I reveal your crimes;
Juſtice demands — But ſee th' approaching Sultan.
Oppoſe my wiſhes, and — Remember juſtice.

CALI.

Diſorder ſits upon thy face — retire.

[*Exit* Abdalla, *Enter* Mahomet.

SCENE V.

CALI, MAHOMET.

CALI.

Long be the Sultan bleſs'd with happy love;
My zeal marks gladneſs dawning on thy cheek,

With raptures ſuch as fire the Pagan crowds,
When pale and anxious for their years to come,
They ſee the ſun ſurmount the dark eclipſe,
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.

MAHOMET.

My vows, 'tis true, ſhe hears with leſs averſion,
She ſighs, ſhe bluſhes, but ſhe ſtill denies.

CALI.

With warmer courtſhip preſs the yielding fair,
Call to your aid with boundleſs promiſes
Each rebel wiſh, each traitor inclination
That raiſes tumults in the female breaſt,
The love of pow'r, of pleaſure, and of ſhow.

MAHOMET.

Theſe arts I try'd, and to inflame her more,
By hateful buſineſs hurried from her ſight,
I bade a hundred virgins wait around her,
Sooth her with all the pleaſures of command,
Applaud her charms, and court her to be great.
[*Exit* Mahomet.

SCENE VI.

CALI *folus.*

He's gone—Here reft, my foul, thy fainting wing,
Here recollect thy diffipated pow'rs. ——
Our diftant int'refts, and our different paffions
Now hafte to mingle in one common centre,
And fate lies crowded in a narrow fpace.
Yet in that narrow fpace what dangers rife!—
Far more I dread Abdalla's fiery folly,
Than all the wifdom of the grave divan.
Reafon with reafon fights on equal terms,
The raging madman's unconnected fchemes
We cannot obviate, for we cannot guefs.
Deep in my breaft be treafured this refolve,
When Cali mounts the throne, Abdalla dies,
Too fierce, too faithlefs for neglect or truft.

[*Enter* Irene *with Attendants.*

SCENE VII.

CALI, IRENE, ASPASIA, &c.

CALI.

Amidft the fplendour of encircling beauty,
Superior majefty proclaims the queen,
And nature juftifies our monarch's choice.

IRENE.

Referve this homage for fome other fair,

Urge me not on to glittering guilt, nor pour
In my weak ear th' intoxicating ſounds.

CALI.

Make haſte, bright maid, to rule the willing world;
Aw'd by the rigour of the Sultan's juſtice,
We court thy gentleneſs.

ASPASIA.

Can Cali's voice
Concur to preſs a helpleſs captive's ruin?

CALI.

Long would my zeal for Mahomet and thee
Detain me here. But nations call upon me,
And duty bids me chooſe a diſtant walk,
Nor taint with care the privacies of love.

SCENE VIII.

IRENE, ASPASIA, Attendants.

ASPASIA.

If yet this ſhining pomp, theſe ſudden honours,
Swell not thy ſoul beyond advice or friendſhip,
Nor yet inſpire the follies of a queen,
Or tune thine ear to ſoothing adulation,
Suſpend awhile the privilege of pow'r
To hear the voice of truth; diſmiſs thy train,
Shake off th' incumbrances of ſtate a moment,

And

And lay the tow'ring Sultanefs afide,
[Irene *figns to her Attendants to retire.*
While I foretel thy fate; that office done,—
No more I boaft th' ambitious name of friend,
But fink among thy flaves without a murmur.

IRENE.

Did regal diadems inveft my brow,
Yet fhould my foul, ftill faithful to her choice,
Efteem Afpafia's breaft the nobleft kingdom.

ASPASIA.

The foul once tainted with fo foul a crime,
No more fhall glow with friendfhip's hallow'd ardour;
Thofe holy beings, whofe fuperior care
Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
Affrighted at impiety like thine,
Refign their charge to bafenefs and to ruin.

IRENE.

Upbraid me not with fancy'd wickednefs,
I am not yet a queen, or an apoftate.
But fhould I fin beyond the hope of mercy,
If, when religion prompts me to refufe,
The dread of inftant death reftrains my tongue?

ASPASIA.

Reflect that life and death, affecting founds,
Are only varied modes of endlefs being;
Reflect that life, like ev'ry other bleffing,

Derives its value from its ufe alone;
Not for itfelf but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconfiftent with a greater good,
Reafon commands to caft the lefs away;
Thus life, with lofs of wealth is well preferv'd,
And virtue cheaply fav'd with lofs of life.

IRENE.

If built on fettled thought, this conftancy
Not idly flutters on a boaftful tongue,
Why, when deftruction rag'd around our walls,
Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle?
Why then did not this warlike Amazon
Mix in the war, and fhine among the heroes?

ASPASIA.

Heav'n, when its hand pour'd foftnefs on our limbs,
Unfit for toil, and polifh'd into weaknefs,
Made paffive fortitude the praife of woman:
Our only arms are innocence and meeknefs.
Not then with raving cries I fill'd the city,
But while Demetrius, dear lamented name!
Pour'd ftorms of fire upon our fierce invaders,
Implor'd th' eternal power to fhield my country,
With filent forrows, and with calm devotion.

IRENE.

O! did Irene fhine the Queen of Turkey,

No.

No more ſhould Greece lament thoſe prayers rejected.
Again ſhould golden ſplendour grace her cities,
Again her proſtrate palaces ſhould riſe,
Again her temples ſound with holy muſick:
No more ſhould danger fright, or want diſtreſs
The ſmiling widows, and protected orphans.

ASPASIA.

Be virtuous ends purſued by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention ſanctifies the deed;
That maxim publiſh'd in an impious age,
Would looſe the wild enthuſiaſt to deſtroy,
And fix the fierce uſurper's bloody title.
Then bigotry might ſend her ſlaves to war,
And bid ſucceſs become the teſt of truth;
Unpitying maſſacre might waſte the world,
And perſecution boaſt the call of heav'n.

IRENE.

Shall I not wiſh to cheer afflicted kings,
And plan the happineſs of mourning millions?

ASPASIA.

Dream not of pow'r thou never canſt attain:
When ſocial laws firſt harmoniſ'd the world,
Superior man poſſeſs'd the charge of rule,
The ſcale of juſtice, and the ſword of pow'r,
Nor left us aught but flattery and ſtate.

IRENE.

To me my lover's fondneſs will reſtore,
Whate'er man's pride has raviſh'd from our ſex.

ASPASIA.

When ſoft ſecurity ſhall prompt the Sultan,
Freed from the tumults of unſettled conqueſt,
To fix his court and regulate his pleaſures,
Soon ſhall the dire ſeraglio's horrid gates
Cloſe like th' eternal bars of death upon thee,
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual ſloth,
That gloomy ſlumber of the ſtagnant ſoul;
There ſhalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
And ſigh for cheerful poverty in vain:
There wear the tedious hours of life away,
Beneath each curſe of unrelenting heav'n,
Deſpair, and ſlav'ry, ſolitude, and guilt.

IRENE.

There ſhall we find the yet untaſted bliſs
Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

ASPASIA.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by heav'n,
Still ſtretch in vain their longing arms afar;
Nor dare to paſs th' inſuperable bound.
Ah! let me rather ſeek the convent's cell;
There when my thoughts, at interval of pray'r,
Deſcend to range theſe manſions of misfortune,

Oft' ſhall I dwell on our diſaſtrous friendſhip,
And ſhed the pitying tear for loſt Irene.

IRENE.

Go, languiſh on in dull obſcurity;
Thy dazzled ſoul, with all its boaſted greatneſs,
Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring gleams of regal ſtate,
Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,
And flies for ſhelter to the ſhades of life.

ASPASIA.

On me, ſhould Providence, without a crime,
The weighty charge of royalty confer;
Call me to civilize the Ruſſian wilds,
Or bid ſoft ſcience poliſh Britain's heroes:
Soon ſhouldſt thou ſee, how falſe thy weak reproach.
My boſom feels, enkindled from the ſky,
The lambent flames of mild benevolence,
Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

IRENE.

Ambition is the ſtamp, impreſs'd by heav'n
To mark the nobleſt minds; with active heat
Inform'd they mount the precipice of pow'r,
Graſp at command, and tow'r in queſt of empire;
While vulgar ſouls compaſſionate their cares,
Gaze at their height and tremble at their danger:
Thus meaner ſpirits with amazement mark
The varying ſeaſons, and revolving ſkies,

And

And aſk, what guilty pow'r's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs;
While ſome archangel, nearer to perfection,
In eaſy ſtate preſides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careleſs nod,
Conducts the ſun, and regulates the ſpheres.

ASPASIA.

Well may'ſt thou hide in labyrinths of ſound
The cauſe that ſhrinks from reaſon's powerful voice.
Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled thought,
And ſet the glitt'ring fallacy to view.
Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime,
Angelic greatneſs is angelic virtue.
Amidſt the glare of courts, the ſhout of armies,
Will not th' apoſtate feel the pangs of guilt,
And wiſh too late for innocence and peace?
Curſt as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
With gloomy ſtate and agonizing pomp.

SCENE IX.

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

MAID.

A turkiſh ſtranger, of majeſtic mien,
Aſks at the gate admiſſion to Aſpaſia,
Commiſſion'd, as he ſays, by Cali Baſſa.

IRENE.

Whoe'er thou art, or whatſoe'er thy meſſage, [*Aſide.*
Thanks for this kind relief—With ſpeed admit him.

ASPASIA.

He comes, perhaps, to ſeparate us for ever;
When I am gone remember, O! remember,
That none are great, or happy, but the virtuous.
[*Exit* Irene, *Enter* Demetrius.

SCENE X.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis ſhe—my hope, my happineſs, my love!
Aſpaſia! do I once again behold thee?
Still, ſtill the ſame—unclouded by misfortune!
Let my bleſt eyes for ever gaze——

ASPASIA.

Demetrius!

DEMETRIUS.

Why does the blood forſake thy lovely cheek?
Why ſhoots this chillneſs through thy ſhaking nerves?
Why does thy ſoul retire into herſelf?
Recline upon my breaſt thy ſinking beauties:
Revive—Revive to freedom and to love.

ASPASIA.

What well-known voice pronounc'd the grateful founds,
Freedom and love? Alas! I'm all confufion,
A fudden mift o'ercafts my darken'd foul,
The prefent, paft, and future fwim before me,
Loft in a wild perplexity of joy.

DEMETRIUS.

Such ecftacy of love! fuch pure affection,
What worth can merit? or what faith reward?

ASPASIA.

A thoufand thoughts, imperfect and diftracted,
Demand a voice, and ftruggle into birth;
A thoufand queftions prefs upon my tongue,
But all give way to rapture and Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS.

O fay, bright being, in this age of abfence,
What fears, what griefs, what dangers haft thou known?
Say, how the tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, figh'd,
Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, figh'd in vain!
Say, how the hand of violence was rais'd,
Say, how thou call'dft in tears upon Demetrius!

ASPASIA.

Inform me rather, how thy happy courage
Stem'd in the breach the deluge of deftruction,
And pafs'd uninjur'd through the walks of death?
Did favage anger, and licentious conqueft,

Behold the hero with Afpafia's eyes?
And thus protected in the gen'ral ruin,
O fay, what guardian pow'r convey'd thee hither.

DEMETRIUS.

Such ftrange events, fuch unexpected chances,
Beyond my warmeft hope, or wildeft wifhes,
Concur'd to give me to Afpafia's arms,
I ftand amaz'd, and afk, if yet I clafp thee.

ASPASIA.

Sure heav'n, for wonders are not wrought in vain,
That joins us thus, will never part us more.

SCENE XI.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

It parts you now—The hafty Sultan fign'd
The laws unread, and flies to his Irene.

DEMETRIUS.

Fix'd and intent on his Irene's charms,
He envies none the converfe of Afpafia.

ABDALLA.

Afpafia's abfence will inflame fufpicion;
She cannot, muft not, fhall not linger here,
Prudence and friendfhip bid me force her from you.

DEMETRIUS.

Force her! profane her with a touch, and die.

ABDALLA.

'Tis Greece, 'tis freedom calls Afpafia hence,
Your carelefs love betrays your country's caufe.

DEMETRIUS.

If we muft part—

ASPASIA.

No! let us die together.

DEMETRIUS.

If we muft part—

ABDALLA.

Difpatch; th' increafing danger
Will not admit a lover's long farewell,
The long-drawn intercourfe of fighs and kiffes.

DEMETRIUS.

Then—O my fair, I cannot bid thee go;
Receive her, and protect her, gracious heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing fteps,
If fate purfues me, let it find me here.
Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy caufe neglected while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our paffions not infus'd in vain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, *enter as talking.*

ASPASIA.

ENOUGH—refiftlefs reafon calms my foul—
Approving juftice fmiles upon your caufe,
And nature's rights entreat th' afferting fword.
Yet when your hand is lifted to deftroy,
Think—but excufe a woman's needlefs caution,
Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private paffion,
Drive int'reft, love, and vengeance from thy thoughts,
Fill all thy ardent breaft with Greece and virtue,
Then ftrike fecure, and heav'n affift the blow!

DEMETRIUS.

Thou kind affiftant of my better angel,
Propitious guide of my bewilder'd foul,
Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue!

ASPASIA.

My foul, firft kindled by thy bright example
To nobler thought and gen'rous emulation,
Now but reflects thofe beams that flow'd from thee.

DEMETRIUS.

With native luftre and unborrow'd greatnefs,
Thou fhin'ft, bright maid, fuperior to diftrefs;
Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
Thofe glitt'ring dew drops of a vernal morn,
That fpread their colours to the genial beam,
And fparkling quiver to the breath of May;
But when the tempeft with fonorous wing
Sweeps o'er the grove, forfake the lab'ring bough,
Difpers'd in air, or mingled with the duft.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this triumph—ftill new conflicts wait us,
Foes unforefeen, and dangers unfufpected.
Oft when the fierce befiegers' eager hoft
Beholds the fainting garrifon retire,
And rufhes joyful to the naked wall,
Deftruction flafhes from th' infidious mine,
And fweeps th' exulting conqueror away:
Perhaps in vain the Sultan's anger fpar'd me,
To find a meaner fate from treach'rous friendfhip—
Abdalla!——

DEMETRIUS.

Can Abdalla then diffemble?
That fiery chief, renown'd for gen'rous freedom,
For zeal unguarded, undiffembled hate,
For daring truth, and turbulence of honour?

ASPASIA.

This open friend, this undeſigning hero,
With noiſy falſehoods forc'd me from your arms,
To ſhock my virtue with a tale of love.

DEMETRIUS.

Did not the cauſe of Greece reſtrain my ſword,
Aſpaſia ſhould not fear a ſecond inſult.

ASPASIA.

His pride and love by turns inſpir'd his tongue,
And intermix'd my praiſes with his own;
His wealth, his rank, his honours he recounted,
Till, in the midſt of arrogance and fondneſs,
Th' approaching Sultan forc'd me from the palace;
Then while he gaz'd upon his yielding miſtreſs,
I ſtole unheeded from their raviſh'd eyes,
And ſought this happy grove in queſt of thee.

DEMETRIUS.

Soon may the final ſtroke decide our fate,
Leſt baneful diſcord cruſh our infant ſcheme,
And ſtrangled freedom periſh in the birth!

ASPASIA.

My boſom, harraſs'd with alternate paſſions,
Now hopes, now fears—

DEMETRIUS.

Th' anxieties of love.

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

Think how the fov'reign arbiter of kingdoms
Detefts thy falfe affociates' black defigns,
And frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder.
Embark'd with treafon on the feas of fate,
When heav'n fhall bid the fwelling billows rage,
And point vindictive lightnings at rebellion,
Will not the patriot fhare the traitor's danger?
Oh could thy hand unaided free thy country,
Nor mingled guilt pollute the facred caufe!

DEMETRIUS.

Permitted oft, though not infpir'd by heav'n,
Succefsful treafons punifh impious kings.

ASPASIA.

Nor end my terrors with the Sultan's death;
Far as futurity's untravell'd wafte
Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,
On ev'ry fide confufion, rage, and death,
Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,
Befet the treacherous way with fatal ambufh;
Each Turkifh bofom burns for thy deftruction,
Ambitious Cali dreads the ftatefman's arts,
And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

DEMETRIUS.

Capricious man! to good and ill inconftant,
Too much to fear, or truft, is equal weaknefs.

Sometimes

Sometimes the wretch unaw'd by heav'n or hell,
With mad devotion idolizes honour.
The Baſſa, reeking with his maſter's murder,
Perhaps may ſtart at violated friendſhip.

ASPASIA.

How ſoon, alas! will int'reſt, fear, or envy,
O'erthrow ſuch weak, ſuch accidental virtue,
Nor built on faith, nor fortify'd by conſcience?

DEMETRIUS.

When deſp'rate ills demand a ſpeedy cure,
Diſtruſt is cowardice, and prudence folly.

ASPASIA.

Yet think a moment, ere you court deſtruction,
What hand, when death has ſnatch'd away Demetrius,
Shall guard Aſpaſia from triumphant luſt.

DEMETRIUS.

Diſmiſs theſe needleſs fears—a troop of Greeks
Well known, long try'd, expect us on the ſhore.
Borne on the ſurface of the ſmiling deep,
Soon ſhalt thou ſcorn, in ſafety's arms repos'd,
Abdalla's rage and Cali's ſtratagems.

ASPASIA.

Still, ſtill diſtruſt ſits heavy on my heart.
Will e'er an happier hour reviſit Greece?

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Should heav'n yet unappeas'd refufe its aid,
Difperfe our hopes, and fruftrate our defigns,
Yet fhall the confcience of the great attempt
Diffufe a brightnefs on our future days;
Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius.
But how canft thou fupport the woes of exile?
Canft thou forget hereditary fplendours,
To live obfcure upon a foreign coaft,
Content with fcience, innocence, and love?

ASPASIA.

Nor wealth, nor titles, make Afpafia's blifs.
O'erwhelm'd and loft amidft the publick ruins,
Unmov'd I faw the glitt'ring trifles perifh,
And thought the petty drofs beneath a figh.
Cheerful I follow to the rural cell,
Love be my wealth, and my diftinction virtue.

DEMETRIUS.

Submiffive and prepar'd for each event,
Now let us wait the laft award of heav'n,
Secure of happinefs from flight, or conqueft,
Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection.
The mighty Tufcan courts the banifh'd arts
To kind Italia's hofpitable fhades;
There fhall foft leifure wing th' excurfive foul,
And peace propitious fmile on fond defire;

There ſhall deſpotick eloquence reſume
Her ancient empire o'er the yielding heart;
There Poetry ſhall tune her ſacred voice,
And wake from ignorance the weſtern world.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI.

CALI.

At length th' unwilling ſun reſigns the world
To ſilence and to reſt. The hours of darkneſs,
Propitious hours to ſtratagem and death,
Purſue the laſt remains of ling'ring light.

DEMETRIUS.

Count not theſe hours as parts of vulgar time,
Think them a ſacred treaſure lent by heav'n,
Which ſquander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,
No pray'r recalls, no diligence redeems;
To-morrow's dawn ſhall ſee the Turkiſh king
Stretch'd in the duſt, or tow'ring on his throne;
To-morrow's dawn ſhall ſee the mighty Cali
The ſport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

CALI.

Then waſte no longer theſe important moments
In ſoft endearments, and in gentle murmurs,
Nor loſe in love the patriot and the hero.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis love combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth;
But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,
And fans the slumb'ring spark of heav'nly fire.
Retire, my fair; that pow'r that smiles on goodness
Guide all thy steps, calm ev'ry stormy thought,
And still thy bosom with the voice of peace!

ASPASIA.

Soon may we meet again, secure and free,
To feel no more the pangs of separation! [*Exit.*

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

DEMETRIUS.

This night alone is ours—Our mighty foe,
No longer lost in am'rous solitude,
Will now remount the slighted seat of empire
And show Irene to the shouting people:
Aspasia left her sighing in his arms,
And list'ning to the pleasing tale of pow'r,
With soften'd voice she dropp'd the faint refusal,
Smiling consent she sat, and blushing love.

CALI.

Now, tyrant, with satiety of beauty
Now feast thine eyes, thine eyes that ne'er hereafter
Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,
Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

SCENE

SCENE III.

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

LEONTIUS.

Our bark unfeen has reach'd th' appointed bay,
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming furge
Reclines againft the fhore: our Grecian troop
Extends its lines along the fandy beach,
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

ABDALLA.

The fav'ring winds affift the great defign,
Sport in our fails, and murmur o'er the deep.

CALI.

'Tis well—A fingle blow completes our wifhes:
Return with fpeed, Leontius, to your charge;
The Greeks, diforder'd by their leader's abfence,
May droop difmay'd, or kindle into madnefs.

LEONTIUS.

Sufpected ftill?—What villain's pois'nous tongue
Dares join Leontius' name with fear, or falfehood?
Have I for this preferv'd my guiltlefs bofom,
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence?
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,
Intrepid in the flaming front of war?

CALI.

Haſt thou not ſearch'd my ſoul's profoundeſt thoughts?
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine?

LEONTIUS.

Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,
Unfit to ſhare this night's illuſtrious toils?
To wait remote from action, and from honour,
An idle liſt'ner to the diſtant cries
Of ſlaughter'd infidels, and claſh of ſwords!
Tell me the cauſe, that while thy name, Demetrius,
Shall ſoar triumphant on the wings of glory,
Deſpis'd and curs'd, Leontius muſt deſcend,
Through hiſſing ages, a proverbial coward,
The tale of women, and the ſcorn of fools?

DEMETRIUS.

Can brave Leontius be the ſlave of glory?
Glory, the caſual gift of thoughtleſs crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
Be but my country free, be thine the praiſe;
I aſk no witneſs, but atteſting conſcience,
No records, but the records of the ſky.

LEONTIUS.

Wilt thou then head the troop upon the ſhore,
While I deſtroy th' oppreſſor of mankind?

DEMETRIUS.

What canſt thou boaſt ſuperior to Demetrius?

Aſk to whoſe ſword the Greeks will truſt their cauſe,
My name ſhall echo through the ſhouting field;
Demand whoſe force yon Turkiſh heroes dread,
The ſhudd'ring camp ſhall murmur out Demetrius.

CALI.

Muſt Greece, ſtill wretched by her children's folly,
For ever mourn their avarice, or factions?
Demetrius juſtly pleads a double title,
The lover's int'reſt aids the patriot's claim.

LEONTIUS.

My pride ſhall ne'er protract my country's woes;
Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

DEMETRIUS.

I feel new ſpirit ſhoot along my nerves,
My ſoul expands to meet approaching freedom,
Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,
Ye ſacred ſhades of patriots and of martyrs;
All ye, whoſe blood tyrannick rage effus'd,
Or perſecution drank, attend our call;
And from the manſions of perpetual peace
Deſcend, to ſweeten labours once your own.

CALI.

Go then, and with united eloquence
Confirm your troops; and when the moon's fair beam
Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,
Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.

[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Leon.

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

How the new monarch, ſwell'd with airy rule,
Looks down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd height,
And utters fate, unmindful of Abdalla!

CALI.

Far be ſuch black ingratitude from Cali;
When Aſia's nations own me for their lord,
Wealth, and command, and grandeur ſhall be thine.

ABDALLA.

Is this the recompence reſerv'd for me?
Dar'ſt thou thus dally with Abdalla's paſſion?
Henceforward hope no more my ſlighted friendſhip,
Wake from thy dream of pow'r to death and torture
And bid thy viſionary throne farewell.

CALI.

Name, and enjoy thy wiſh—

ABDALLA.

I need not name it:
Aſpaſia's lovers know but one deſire,
Nor hope, nor wiſh, nor live but for Aſpaſia.

CALI.

That fatal beauty plighted to Demetrius
Heav'n makes not mine to give.

ABDALLA.

Nor to deny.

CALI.

Obtain her and poſſeſs, thou know'ſt thy rival.

ABDALLA.

Too well I know him, ſince on Thracia's plains
I felt the force of his tempeſtuous arm,
And ſaw my ſcatter'd ſquadrons fly before him.
Nor will I truſt th' uncertain chance of combat;
The rights of princes let the ſword decide,
The petty claims of empire and of honour:
Revenge and ſubtle jealouſy ſhall teach
A ſurer paſſage to his hated heart.

CALI.

O ſpare the gallant Greek, in him we loſe
The politician's arts, and hero's flame.

ABDALLA.

When next we meet, before we ſtorm the palace,
The bowl ſhall circle to confirm our league,
Then ſhall theſe juices taint Demetrius' draught,
[*Shewing a phial.*
And ſtream deſtructive through his freezing veins:
Thus ſhall he live to ſtrike th' important blow,
And periſh ere he taſtes the joys of conqueſt.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Henceforth for ever happy be this day,
Sacred to love, to pleafure, and Irene:
The matchlefs fair has blefs'd me with compliance;
Let every tongue refound Irene's praife,
And fpread the general tranfport through mankind.

CALI.

Bleft prince, for whom indulgent Heav'n ordains
At once the joys of paradife and empire,
Now join thy people's, and thy Cali's prayers,
Sufpend thy paffage to the feats of blifs,
Nor wifh for houries in Irene's arms.

MAHOMET.

Forbear—I know the long-try'd faith of Cali.

CALI.

O! could the eyes of kings, like thofe of heav'n,
Search to the dark receffes of the foul,
Oft would they find ingratitude and treafon,
By fmiles, and oaths, and praifes ill difguis'd.
How rarely would they meet, in crowded courts,
Fidelity fo firm, fo pure, as mine!

MUSTAPHA.

Yet ere we give our loofen'd thoughts to rapture,

 Let

Let prudence obviate an impending danger
Tainted by floth, the parent of fedition,
The hungry janizary burns for plunder,
And growls in private o'er his idle fabre.

MAHOMET.

To ftill their murmurs, ere the twentieth fun
Shall fhed his beams upon the bridal bed,
I roufe to war, and conquer for Irene.
Then fhall the Rhodian mourn his finking tow'rs,
And Buda fall, and proud Vienna tremble,
Then fhall Venetia feel the Turkifh pow'r,
And fubject feas roar round their queen in vain.

ABDALLA.

Then feize fair Italy's delightful coaft,
To fix your ftandard in imperial Rome.

MAHOMET.

Her fons malicious clemency fhall fpare,
To form new legends, fanctify new crimes,
To canonize the flaves of fuperftition,
And fill the world with follies and impoftures,
Till angry heav'n fhall mark them out for ruin,
And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.
O could her fabled faints, and boafted prayers
Call forth her ancient heroes to the field,
How fhould I joy, 'midft the fierce fhock of nations,
To crofs the tow'rings of an equal foul,

And bid the mafter genius rule the world.
Abdalla, Cali, go—proclaim my purpofe.
[*Exeunt* Cali *and* Abdalla.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Still Cali lives, and muft he live to-morrow?
That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations
Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

MUSTAPHA.

With cautious vigilance, at my command,
Two faithful captains, Hafan and Caraza,
Purfue him through his labyrinths of treafon,
And wait your fummons to report his conduct.

MAHOMET.

Call them—but let them not prolong their tale,
Nor prefs too much upon a lover's patience.
[*Exit* Muftapha.

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET *folus*.

Whome'er the hope, ftill blafted, ftill renew'd,
Of happinefs, lures on from toil to toil,

Remember Mahomet, and ceafe thy labour.
Behold him here, in love, in war fuccefsful,
Behold him wretched in his double triumph;
His fav'rite faithlefs, and his miftrefs bafe.
Ambition only gave her to my arms,
By reafon not convinc'd, nor won by love.
Ambition was her crime, but meaner folly
Dooms me to loath at once, and doat on falfehood,
And idolize th' apoftate I contemn.
If thou art more than the gay dream of fancy,
More than a pleafing found without a meaning,
O happinefs! fure thou art all Afpafia's.

SCENE VIII.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASAN, *and* CARAZA.

MAHOMET.

Caraza, fpeak—have ye remark'd the Baffa?

CARAZA.

Clofe, as we might unfeen, we watch'd his fteps;
His air diforder'd, and his gait unequal,
Betray'd the wild emotions of his mind.
Sudden he ftops, and inward turns his eyes,
Abforb'd in thought; then ftarting from his trance,
Conftrains a fullen fmile, and fhoots away.
With him Abdalla we beheld—

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Abdalla!

MAHOMET.

He wears of late refentment on his brow,
Deny'd the government of Servia's province.

CARAZA.

We mark'd him ftorming in excefs of fury,
And heard, within the thicket that conceal'd us,
An undiftinguifh'd found of threat'ning rage.

MUSTAPHA.

How guilt once harbour'd in the confcious breaft,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
By treafon levell'd with the dregs of men!
Ere guilty fear depres'd the hoary chief,
An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
Had ftretch'd the fiery boafter in the grave.

MAHOMET.

Shall monarchs fear to draw the fword of juftice,
Aw'd by the crowd, and by their flaves reftrain'd?
Seize him this night, and through the private paffage
Convey him to the prifon's inmoft depths,
Referv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.

[*Exeunt* Mahomet *and* Muftapha.

SCENE IX.

HASAN, CARAZA.

HASAN.

Shall then the Greeks, unpuniſh'd and conceal'd,
Contrive perhaps the ruin of our empire,
League with our chiefs, and propagate ſedition?

CARAZA.

Whate'er their ſcheme, the Baſſa's death defeats it,
And gratitude's ſtrong ties reſtrain my tongue.

HASAN.

What ties to ſlaves? what gratitude to foes?

CARAZA.

In that black day when ſlaughter'd thouſands fell
Around theſe fatal walls, the tide of war
Bore me victorious onward, where Demetrius
Tore unreſiſted from the giant hand
Of ſtern Sebalias the triumphant creſcent,
And daſh'd the might of Aſem from the ramparts.
There I became, nor bluſh to make it known,
The captive of his ſword. The coward Greeks,
Enrag'd by wrongs, exulting with ſucceſs,
Doom'd me to die with all the Turkiſh captains;
But brave Demetrius ſcorn'd the mean revenge,
And gave me life—

HASAN.

HASAN.

Do thou repay the gift,
Left unrewarded mercy lose its charms.
Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,
When heav'n bestows the privilege to bless;
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand restrain,
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain?

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Aspasia *solus.*

IN these dark moments of suspended fate,
While yet the future fortune of my country
Lies in the womb of providence conceal'd,
And anxious angels wait the mighty birth;
O grant thy sacred influence, pow'rful virtue!
Attention rise, survey the fair creation,
Till, conscious of th' encircling deity,
Beyond the mists of care thy pinion tow'rs.
This calm, these joys, dear innocence! are thine,
Joys ill exchang'd for gold, and pride, and empire.
[*Enter* Irene *and* Attendants.

SCENE II.

Aspasia, Irene, Attendants.

Irene.

See how the moon through all th' unclouded sky
Spreads her mild radiance, and descending dews
Revive the languid flow'rs; thus nature shone
New from the maker's hand, and fair array'd

In

In the bright colours of primæval ſpring;
When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,
Play'd fearleſs in th' inviolated ſhades.
This elemental joy, this gen'ral calm,
Is ſure the ſmile of unoffended heav'n.
Yet! why—

MAID.

Behold, within th' embow'ring grove
Aſpaſia ſtands———

IRENE.

With melancholy mien,
Penſive, and envious of Irene's greatneſs.
Steal unperceiv'd upon her meditations—
But ſee, the lofty maid, at our approach,
Reſumes th' imperious air of haughty virtue.
Are theſe th' unceaſing joys, th' unmingled pleaſures
[*To* Aſpaſia.
For which Aſpaſia ſcorn'd the Turkiſh crown?
Is this th' unſhaken confidence in heav'n?
Is this the boaſted bliſs of conſcious virtue?
When did content ſigh out her cares in ſecret?
When did felicity repine in deſarts?

ASPASIA.

Ill ſuits with guilt the gaieties of triumph;
When daring vice inſults eternal juſtice,
The miniſters of wrath forget compaſſion,

And

And ſnatch the flaming bolt with haſty hand.

IRENE.

Forbear thy threats, proud propheteſs of ill,
Vers'd in the ſecret counſels of the ſky.

ASPASIA.

Forbear—But thou art ſunk beneath reproach;
In vain affected raptures fluſh the cheek,
And ſongs of pleaſure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguiſh labour in the breaſt,
And all within is darkneſs and confuſion;
Thus on deceitful Etna's flow'ry ſide,
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye,
While ſecret flames, with unextinguiſh'd rage,
Inſatiate on her waſted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin.
[*Enter* Dem.

SCENE III.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Fly, fly, my love, deſtruction ruſhes on us,
The rack expects us, and the ſword purſues.

ASPASIA.

Is Greece deliver'd? is the tyrant fall'n?

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Greece is no more, the profp'rous tyrant lives,
Referv'd, for other lands, the fcourge of heav'n.

ASPASIA.

Say, by what fraud, what force were you defeated?
Betray'd by falfehood, or by crowds o'erborn?

DEMETRIUS.

The preffing exigence forbids relation.
Abdalla ———

ASPASIA.

Hated name! his jealous rage
Broke out in perfidy — Oh curs'd Afpafia,
Born to complete the ruin of her country;
Hide me, oh hide me from upbraiding Greece,
Oh, hide me from myfelf!

DEMETRIUS.

Be fruitlefs grief
The doom of guilt alone, nor dare to feize
The breaft where virtue guards the throne of peace,
Devolve, dear maid, thy forrows on the wretch,
Whofe fear, or rage, or treachery betray'd us.

IRENE *afide.*

A private ftation may difcover more;
Then let me rid them of Irene's prefence:
Proceed, and give a loofe to love and treafon.

[*Withdraws.*

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

Yet tell.

DEMETRIUS.

To tell, or hear, were waſte of life.

ASPASIA.

The life, which only this deſign ſupported,
Were now well loſt, in hearing how you fail'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Or meanly fraudulent, or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill-tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love.
Juſt as it reach'd my lips, a ſudden cry
Urg'd me to daſh it to the ground untouch'd,
And ſeize my ſword with diſencumber'd hand.

ASPASIA.

What cry? The ſtratagem? Did then Abdalla?—

DEMETRIUS.

At once a thouſand paſſions fir'd his cheek!
Then all is paſt, he cried—and darted from us;
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn.

ASPASIA.

Why did you ſtay? deſerted and betray'd?
What more could force attempt, or art contrive?

DEMETRIUS.

Amazement ſeiz'd us, and the hoary Baſſa

Stood torpid in fufpenfe; but foon Abdalla
Return'd with force that made refiftance vain,
And bade his new confederates feize the traitors.
Cali difarm'd was borne away to death;
Myfelf efcap'd, or favour'd, or neglected.

ASPASIA.

O Greece! renown'd for fcience and for wealth,
Behold thy boafted honours fnatch'd away.

DEMETRIUS.

Though difappointment blaft our general fcheme,
Yet much remains to hope. I fhall not call
The day difaft'rous that fecures our flight;
Nor think that effort loft which refcues thee.

[*Enter* Abd.

SCENE IV.

IRENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

At length the prize is mine—The haughty maid
That bears the fate of empires in her air,
Henceforth fhall live for me; for me alone
Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch,
Steal from Abdalla's eye the fign to fmile.

 DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Ceafe this wild roar of favage exultation;
Advance, and perifh in the frantic boaft.

ASPASIA.

Forbear, Demetrius, 'tis Afpafia calls thee;
Thy love, Afpafia, calls; reftrain thy fword;
Nor rufh on ufelefs wounds with idle courage.

DEMETRIUS.

What now remains?

ASPASIA.

It now remains to fly?

DEMETRIUS.

Shall, then, the favage live, to boaft his infult;
Tell how Demetrius fhun'd his fingle hand,
And ftole his life and miftrefs from his fabre?

ABDALLA.

Infatuate loiterer, has fate, in vain,
Unclafp'd his iron gripe to fet thee free?
Still doft thou flutter in the jaws of death;
Snar'd with thy fears, and maz'd in ftupefaction?

DEMETRIUS.

Forgive, my fair, 'tis life, 'tis nature calls.
Now, traitor, feel the fear, that chills my hand.

ASPASIA.

'Tis madneſs to provoke ſuperfluous danger,
And cowardice to dread the boaſt of folly.

ABDALLA.

Fly, wretch, while yet my pity grants thee flight?
The power of Turkey waits upon my call.
Leave but this maid, reſign a hopeleſs claim,
And drag away thy life in ſcorn and ſafety,
Thy life, too mean a prey to lure Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Once more I dare thy ſword; behold the prize,
Behold I quit her to the chance of battle.
[*Quitting* Aſpaſia.

ABDALLA.

Well may'ſt thou call thy maſter to the combat,
And try the hazard, that haſt nought to ſtake;
Alike my death, or thine is gain to thee;
But ſoon thou ſhalt repent: another moment
Shall throw th' attending Janizaries round thee.
[*Exit haſtily* Abdalla.

SCENE V.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

IRENE.

Abdalla fails, now fortune all is mine, [*Aside.*
Hafte, Murza, to the palace, let the Sultan
[*To one of her attendants.*
Difpatch his guards to ftop the flying traitors,
While I protract their ftay. Be fwift and faithful.
[*Exit* Murza.
This lucky ftratagem fhall charm the Sultan, [*Aside.*
Secure his confidence, and fix his love.

DEMETRIUS.

Behold a boafter's worth! Now fnatch, my fair,
The happy moment, haften to the fhore,
Ere he return with thoufands at his fide.

ASPASIA.

In vain I liften to th' inviting call
Of freedom and of love: My trembling joints,
Relax'd with fear, refufe to bear me forward.
Depart, Demetrius, left my fate involve thee;
Forfake a wretch abandon'd to defpair,
To fhare the miferies herfelf has caus'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Let us not ftruggle with th' eternal will,

Nor

Nor languiſh o'er irreparable ruins;
Come haſte, and live—Thy innocence and truth
Shall bleſs our wand'rings, and propitiate heav'n.

IRENE.

Preſs not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves
Refuſe their office, and uncertain life
Still labours with imaginary woe;
Here let me tend her with officious care,
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breaſt,
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,
To ſee the cloud forſake her kindling cheek,
And hail the roſy dawn of riſing health.

ASPASIA.

Oh! rather ſcornful of flagitious greatneſs,
Reſolve to ſhare our dangers and our toils,
Companion of our flight, illuſtrious exile,
Leave ſlav'ry, guilt, and infamy behind.

IRENE.

My ſoul attends thy voice, and baniſh'd virtue
Strives to regain her empire of the mind:
Aſſiſt her efforts with thy ſtrong perſuaſion;
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,
When vanquiſh'd vice ſhall tyrannize no more.

DEMETRIUS.

Remember, peace and anguiſh are before thee,
And honour and reproach, and heav'n and hell.

 ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

Content with freedom, and precarious greatneſs.

DEMETRIUS.

Now make thy choice, while yet the pow'r of choice
Kind heaven affords thee, and inviting mercy
Holds out her hand to lead thee back to truth.

IRENE.

Stay—in this dubious twilight of conviction,
The gleams of reaſon, and the clouds of paſſion,
Irradiate and obſcure my breaſt by turns:
Stay but a moment, and prevailing truth
Will ſpread reſiſtleſs light upon my ſoul.

DEMETRIUS.

But ſince none knows the danger of a moment,
And heav'n forbids to laviſh life away,
Let kind compulſion terminate the conteſt.

[*Seizing her hand.*

Ye Chriſtian captives, follow me to freedom:
A galley waits us, and the winds invite.

IRENE.

Whence is this violence?

DEMETRIUS.

Your calmer thought
Will teach a gentler term.

IRENE.

IRENE.

Forbear this rudenefs,
And learn the rev'rence due to Turkey's Queen:
Fly, flaves, and call the Sultan to my refcue.

DEMETRIUS.

Farewell, unhappy maid: May ev'ry joy
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive!

ASPASIA.

And when, contemptuous of imperial pow'r,
Difeafe fhall chafe the phantoms of ambition,
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,
And wing thy lateft pray'r to pitying heav'n!
[*Exeunt* Dem. Afp. *with part of the attendants.*

SCENE VI.

IRENE *walks at a diftance from her attendants.*

After a paufe.

Againft the head which innocence fecures,
Infidious malice aims her darts in vain;
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of heav'n.
Perhaps ev'n now the lovers unpurfu'd
Bound o'er the fparkling waves. Go, happy bark,
Thy facred freight fhall ftill the raging main.
To guide thy paffage fhall th' aerial fpirits

Fill all the ſtarry lamps with double blaze;
Th' applauding ſky ſhall pour forth all its beams
To grace the triumph of victorious virtue.
While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,
Recoil from thought, and ſhudder at myſelf.
How am I chang'd! How lately did Irene
Fly from the buſy pleaſures of her ſex,
Well pleas'd to ſearch the treaſures of remembrance,
And live her guiltleſs moments o'er anew!
Come let us ſeek new pleaſures in the palace, [*To*
Till ſoft fatigue invite us to repoſe. *her attendants, going off.*

SCENE VII.

Enter MUSTAPHA, *meeting and ſtopping her.*

MUSTAPHA.

Fair falſehood ſtay.

IRENE.

What dream of ſudden power,
Has taught my ſlave the language of command!
Henceforth be wiſe, nor hope a ſecond pardon.

MUSTAPHA.

Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd?

IRENE.

IRENE.

Thy look, thy ſpeech, thy action, all is wildneſs—
Who charges guilt on me?

MUSTAPHA.

Who charges guilt!
Aſk of thy heart; attend the voice of conſcience—
Who charges guilt! lay by this proud reſentment
That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mien,
Nor thus uſurp the dignity of virtue.
Review this day.

IRENE.

Whate'er thy accuſation,
The Sultan is my judge.

MUSTAPHA.

That hope is paſt;
Hard was the ſtrife of juſtice and of love;
But now 'tis o'er, and juſtice has prevail'd.
Know'ſt thou not Cali? know'ſt thou not Demetrius?

IRENE.

Bold ſlave, I know them both—I know them traitors.

MUSTAPHA.

Perfidious!—yes—too well thou know'ſt them traitors.

IRENE.

Their treaſon throws no ſtain upon Irene.

This day has prov'd my fondneſs for the Sultan;
He knew Irene's truth.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan knows it,
He knows how near apoſtacy to treaſon—
But 'tis not mine to judge—I ſcorn and leave thee.
I go, leſt vengeance urge my hand to blood,
To blood, too mean to ſtain a ſoldier's ſabre.
[*Exit* Muſtapha.

IRENE *to her attendants.*

Go, bluſtring ſlave.—He has not heard of Murza.
That dext'rous meſſage frees me from ſuſpicion.

SCENE VIII.

Enter HASAN, CARAZA, *with mutes, who throw the black rope upon* IRENE, *and ſign to her attendants to withdraw.*

HASAN.

Forgive, fair excellence, th' unwilling tongue,
The tongue, that, forc'd by ſtrong neceſſity,
Bids beauty, ſuch as thine, prepare to die.

IRENE.

What wild miſtake is this? Take hence with ſpeed
Your robe of mourning, and your dogs of death.

Quick

Quick from my ſight, you inauſpicious monſters,
Nor dare henceforth to ſhock Irene's walks.

HASAN.

Alas! they come, commanded by the ſultan,
Th' unpitying miniſters of Turkiſh juſtice,
Nor dare to ſpare the life his frown condemns.

IRENE.

Are theſe the rapid thunderbolts of war,
That pour with ſudden violence on kingdoms,
And ſpread their flames reſiſtleſs o'er the world?
What ſleepy charms benumb theſe active heroes,
Depreſs their ſpirits, and retard their ſpeed?
Beyond the fear of ling'ring puniſhment,
Aſpaſia now within her lover's arms
Securely ſleeps, and, in delightful dreams,
Smiles at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

CARAZA.

We come, bright virgin, tho' relenting nature
Shrinks at the hated taſk, for thy deſtruction;
When, ſummon'd by the ſultan's clam'rous fury,
We aſk'd, with tim'rous tongue, th' offender's name,
He ſtruck his tortur'd breaſt, and roar'd, Irene:
We ſtarted at the ſound, again inquir'd,
Again his thund'ring voice return'd, Irene.

IRENE.

Whence is this rage? what barb'rous tongue has
wrong'd me?

What

What fraud misleads him? or what crimes incense?

HASAN.

Expiring Cali nam'd Irene's chamber,
The place appointed for his master's death.

IRENE.

Irene's chamber! From my faithful bosom
Far be the thought—But hear my protestation.

CARAZA.

'Tis ours, alas! to punish, not to judge,
Not call'd to try the cause, we heard the sentence,
Ordain'd the mournful messengers of death.

IRENE.

Some ill designing statesman's base intrigue!
Some cruel stratagem of jealous beauty!
Perhaps yourselves the villains that defame me,
Now haste to murder, ere returning thought
Recall th' extorted doom.——It must be so,
Confess your crime, or lead me to the sultan,
Their dauntless truth shall blast the vile accuser,
Then shall you feel what language cannot utter,
Each piercing torture, every change of pain,
That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.

[*Enter* Abdalla, *he stops short and listens.*

SCENE IX.

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA *aſide.*

All is not loſt, Abdalla, ſee the queen,
See the laſt witneſs of thy guilt and fear
Enrob'd in death—Diſpatch her and be great.

CARAZA.

Unhappy fair! compaſſion calls upon me
To check this torrent of imperious rage;
While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue
With idle threats and fruitleſs exclamation,
The fraudful moments ply their ſilent wings,
And ſteal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
Already ſhakes his bloody ſabre o'er thee.
The raging Sultan burns till our return,
Curſes the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,
And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

ABDALLA.

Is then your ſov'reign's life ſo cheaply rated,
That thus you parley with detected treaſon?
Should ſhe prevail to gain the Sultan's preſence,
Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;
Perhaps her malice might transfer the charge,
Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blaſt Abdalla.

[IRENE.

IRENE.

O let me but be heard, nor fear from me
Or flights of pow'r, or projects of ambition.
My hopes, my wishes, terminate in life,
A little life for grief, and for repentance.

ABDALLA.

I mark'd her wily messenger afar,
And saw him skulking in the closest walks:
I guess'd her dark designs, and warn'd the Sultan,
And bring her former sentence new confirm'd.

HASAN.

Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime,
Deem us not deaf to woe, nor blind to beauty,
That thus constrain'd we speed the stroke of death.

[*Beckons the mutes.*

IRENE.

O name not death! Distraction and amazement,
Horror and agony are in that sound!
Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,
Hide me with murd'rers in the dungeon's gloom,
Send me to wander on some pathless shore,
Let shame and hooting infamy pursue me,
Let slav'ry harrass, and let hunger gripe.

CARAZA.

Could we reverse the sentence of the Sultan,

Our bleeding bofoms plead Irene's caufe.
But cries and tears are vain, prepare with patience
To meet that fate we can delay no longer.
[*The mutes at the fign lay hold of her.*

ABDALLA.

Difpatch, ye ling'ring flaves, or nimbler hands
Quick at my call fhall execute your charge;
Difpatch, and learn a fitter time for pity.

IRENE.

Grant me one hour, O grant me but a moment,
And bounteous heaven repay the mighty mercy
With peaceful death, and happinefs eternal.

CARAZA.

The prayer I cannot grant——I dare not hear.
Short be thy pains. [*Signs again to the mutes.*

IRENE.

Unutterable anguifh!
Guilt and defpair! pale fpectres, grin around me,
And ftun me with the yellings of damnation!
O, hear my pray'rs! accept, all-pitying heaven,
Thefe tears, thefe pangs, thefe laft remains of life,
Nor let the crimes of this detefted day
Be charg'd upon my foul. O, mercy! mercy!
[*Mutes force her out.*

SCENE X.

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

ABDALLA *aside.*

Safe in her death, and in Demetrius' flight,
Abdalla, bid thy troubled breaſt be calm;
Now ſhalt thou ſhine the darling of the Sultan,
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

HASAN *to* CARAZA.

Does not thy boſom, for I know thee tender,
A ſtranger to th' oppreſſor's ſavage joy,
Melt at Irene's fate, and ſhare her woes?

CARAZA.

Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,
Dwell on my ear, and ſadden all my ſoul;
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,
And tell the horrid tale with cheerful face;
The ſtormy Sultan rages at our ſtay.

ABDALLA.

Frame your report with circumſpective art,
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience,
But let no thoughtleſs hint involve Abdalla.

CARAZA.

What need of caution to report the fate

 Of

Of her the Sultan's voice condemn'd to die?
Or why ſhould he, whoſe violence of duty
Has ſerv'd his prince ſo well, demand our ſilence?

ABDALLA.

Perhaps my zeal too fierce betray'd my prudence;
Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commiſſion;
Perhaps I will not ſtoop to plead my cauſe;
Or argue with the ſlave that ſav'd Demetrius.

CARAZA.

From his eſcape learn thou the pow'r of virtue,
Nor hope his fortune while thou want'ſt his worth.

HASAN.

The Sultan comes, ſtill gloomy, ſtill enrag'd.

SCENE XI.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Where's this fair trait'reſs? Where's this ſmiling miſchief?
Whom neither vows could fix, nor favours bind?

HASAN.

Thine orders, mighty Sultan! are perform'd,
And all Irene now is breathleſs clay.

 MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Your hafty zeal defrauds the claim of juftice,
And difappointed vengeance burns in vain;
I came to heighten tortures by reproach,
And add new terrors to the face of death.
Was this the maid whofe love I bought with empire!
True, fhe was fair; the fmile of innocence
Play'd on her cheek — So fhone the firft apoftate —
Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,
Juft as the rack forc'd out his ftruggling foul,
Name for the fcene of death Irene's chamber?

MUSTAPHA.

His breath prolong'd but to detect her treafon,
Then in fhort fighs forfook his broken frame.

MAHOMET.

Decreed to perifh in Irene's chamber!
There had fhe lull'd me with endearing falfehoods,
Clafp'd in her arms, or flumb'ring on her breaft,
And bar'd my bofom to the ruffian's dagger.

SCENE XII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, MURZA, ABDALLA.

MURZA.

Forgive, great Sultan! that by fate prevented,
I bring a tardy meffage from Irene.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Some artful wile of counterfeited love!
Some ſoft decoy to lure me to deſtruction!
And thou, the curs'd accomplice of her treaſon,
Declare thy meſſage, and expect thy doom.

MURZA.

The queen requeſted that a choſen troop
Might intercept the traitor Greek, Demetrius,
Then ling'ring with his captive miſtreſs here.

MUSTAPHA.

The Greek, Demetrius? whom th' expiring Baſſa
Declar'd the chief aſſociate of his guilt.

MAHOMET.

A choſen troop — to intercept — Demetrius —
The queen requeſted — Wretch, repeat the meſſage;
And if one varied accent prove thy falſehood,
Or but one moment's pauſe betray confuſion,
Thoſe trembling limbs — Speak out, thou ſhiv'ring traitor.

MURZA.

The queen requeſted —

MAHOMET.

Who? the dead Irene?
Was ſhe then guiltleſs! Has my thoughtleſs rage
Deſtroy'd the faireſt workmanſhip of heaven!

Doom'd her to death unpity'd and unheard,
Amidſt her kind ſolicitudes for me!
Ye ſlaves of cruelty, ye tools of rage, [*To Haſ. & Car.*
Ye blind officious miniſters of folly,
Could not her charms repreſs your zeal for murder?
Could not her prayers, her innocence, her tears,
Suſpend the dreadful ſentence for an hour?
One hour had freed me from the fatal error,
One hour had ſav'd me from deſpair and madneſs.

CARAZA.

Your fierce impatience forc'd us from your preſence,
Urg'd us to ſpeed, and bade us baniſh pity,
Nor truſt our paſſions with her fatal charms.

MAHOMET.

What haſt thou loſt by ſlighting thoſe commands?
Thy life perhaps — Were but Irene ſpar'd,
Well if a thouſand lives like thine had periſh'd;
Such beauty, ſweetneſs, love, were cheaply bought,
With half the grov'ling ſlaves that load the globe.

MUSTAPHA.

Great is thy woe! but think, illuſtrious Sultan,
Such ills are ſent for ſouls like thine to conquer.
Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,
Ruſh to the war, diſplay thy dreadful banners,
And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

MAHOMET.

Robb'd of the maid with whom I wiſh'd to triumph,
No more I burn for fame, or for dominion;
Succeſs and conqueſt now are empty ſounds,
Remorſe and anguiſh ſeize on all my breaſt;
Thoſe groves, whoſe ſhades embower'd the dear Irene,
Heard her laſt cries, and fann'd her dying beauties,
Shall hide me from the taſteleſs world for ever.

Mahomet *goes back and returns.*

Yet ere I quit the ſceptre of dominion,
Let one juſt act conclude the hateful day.
Hew down, ye guards, thoſe vaſſals of diſtraction,

[*Pointing to* Haſan *and* Caraza.

Thoſe hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill;
Bear off with eager haſte th' unfiniſh'd ſentence,
And ſpeed the ſtroke leſt mercy ſhould o'ertake them.

CARAZA.

Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth:

MAHOMET.

Hear! ſhall I hear thee! didſt thou hear Irene?

CARAZA.

Hear but a moment.

MAHOMET.

Hadſt thou heard a moment,
Thou might'ſt have liv'd, for thou hadſt ſpar'd Irene.

CARAZA.

I heard her, pitied her, and wiſh'd to ſave her.

MAHOMET.

And wiſh'd — Be ſtill thy fate to wiſh in vain.

CARAZA.

I heard, and ſoften'd, till Abdalla brought
Her final doom, and hurried her deſtruction.

MAHOMET.

Abdalla brought her doom! Abdalla brought it!
The wretch, whoſe guilt declar'd by tortur'd Cali,
My rage and grief had hid from my remembrance;
Abdalla brought her doom!

HASAN.

Abdalla brought it,
While ſhe yet begg'd to plead her cauſe before thee.

MAHOMET.

O ſeize me, madneſs — Did ſhe call on me!
I feel, I ſee the ruffian's barb'rous rage.
He ſeiz'd her melting in the fond appeal,
And ſtopp'd the heav'nly voice that call'd on me.
My ſpirits fail, awhile ſupport me, vengeance —
Be juſt, ye ſlaves, and, to be juſt, be cruel,
Contrive new racks, imbitter every pang,
Inflict whatever treaſon can deſerve,
Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.

[*Exit* Mahomet.

[Abdalla *is dragg'd off*.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

MAHOMET, HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA, MURZA.

MUSTAPHA *to* MURZA.

What plagues, what tortures, are in ſtore for thee,
Thou ſluggiſh idler, dilatory ſlave?
Behold the model of conſummate beauty,
Torn from the mourning earth by thy neglect.

MURZA.

Such was the will of heav'n — A band of Greeks
That mark'd my courſe, ſuſpicious of my purpoſe,
Ruſh'd out and ſeiz'd me, thoughtleſs and unarm'd,
Breathleſs, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach
Detain'd me till Demetrius ſet me free.

MUSTAPHA.

So ſure the fall of greatneſs rais'd on crimes,
So fix'd the juſtice of all-conſcious heav'n.
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Miſtake ſhall blaſt, or accident deſtroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But heav'n ſhall guide it to the guilty heart.

ODES, PROLOGUES,

EPITAPHS, &c.

S P R I N G.

AN ODE.

STERN Winter now, by Spring reprefs'd,
Forbears the long continued ftrife;
And nature, on her naked breaft,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleafure with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic * tyranny configns;
Whom fmiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture fings and beauty fhines.

Yet tho' my limbs difeafe invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful fhades
Where ———'s humble turrets rife.

Here ftop, my foul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleafing groves depart,
Where firft great nature charm'd my fight,
Where wifdom firft inform'd my heart.

* The author being ill of the gout.

Here let me thro' the vales purfue,
A guide — a father — and a friend,
Once more great nature's works renew,
Once more on wifdom's voice attend.

From falfe careffes, caufelefs ftrife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the ufe of life,
When beft enjoyed — when moft improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet feat,
The generous fcorn of venal power,
The filent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatnefs climbs,
Or raging factions rufh to war,
Here let me learn to fhun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not fhare.

But left I fall by fubtler foes,
Bright wifdom teach me Curio's art,
The fwelling paffions to compofe,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

The MIDSUMMER's WISH.

An ODE.

O Phœbus! down the weftern fky,
Far hence diffufe thy burning ray,
Thy light to diftant worlds fupply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come gentle Eve, the friend of care,
Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refrefh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature fpreads;
Where the green bower with rofes crown'd,
In fhowers its fragrant foliage fheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let mufic die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every ftrain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vaft defires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love infpires.

Whilſt all my wiſh and thine complete,
By turns we languiſh and we burn,
Let ſighing gales our ſighs repeat,
Our murmurs — murmuring brooks return.

Let me when nature calls to reſt,
And bluſhing ſkies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breaſt,
And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN.

AN ODE.

ALAS! with ſwift and ſilent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The ſeaſons change, and nature's face
Now ſweetly ſmiles, now frowns ſevere.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are ſwept away,
And Summer fruits deſert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the weſtern breeze,
Now trod in duſt neglected lie,
As Boreas ſtrips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As ruſſet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moiſt with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleaſure wanders there.

No more while thro' the midnight ſhade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I ſtray,
Soft pleaſing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime ſhe ſoars,
O! would ſome god but wings ſupply!
To where each morn the Spring reſtores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wiſh! me fate compels to bear
The downward ſeaſons iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And ſhiver on a blaſted plain.

What bliſs to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and ſhowers, and ſtorms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the dark'ning hour?
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Hafte — prefs the clufters, fill the bowl;
  Apollo! fhoot thy parting ray:
This gives the funfhine of the foul,
  This god of health, and verfe, and day.

Still — ftill the jocund ftrain fhall flow,
  The pulfe with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms fhall glow,
  And every blifs in wine fhall meet.

W I N T E R.

An ODE.

NO more the morn with tepid rays,
  Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon fpreads no more the genial blaze,
  Nor gentle eve diftills the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
  Ufurping darknefs fhares the day;
Her mifts reftrain the force of light,
  And Phœbus holds a doubtful fway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
  With fighs we view the hoary hill,
The leaflefs wood, the naked field,
  The fnow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No mufic warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious fteps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now fought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempeft roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous fhowers defcend;
Hafte, clofe the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art fupply
With light and heat my little fphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a conftellation here.

Let mufic found the voice of joy!
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the feafon wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale fhall pleafe no more;
Nor mufic charm — tho' Stella fings;
Nor love, nor wine, the Spring reftore.

Catch then, O! catch the tranfient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a fhort Summer — man a flower,
He dies — alas! how foon he dies!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
  What dreary proſpects round us riſe;
The naked hill, the leafleſs grove,
  The hoary ground, the frowning ſkies!

Nor only ~~thought~~ through the waſted plain,
  Stern Winter ~~is~~ is thy force confeſs'd;
Still wider ſpreads thy horrid reign,
  I feel thy power uſurp my breaſt.

Enlivening hope, and fond deſire,
  Reſign the heart to ſpleen and care;
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
  And rapture ſaddens to deſpair.

In groundleſs hope, and cauſeleſs fear,
  Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
  The ſlave of ſunſhine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and falſe alarms,
  With mental and corporeal ſtrife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
  And ſcreen me from the ills of life.

A SONG.

NOT the foft fighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flow'ry vales,
The murmurs of the chryftal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, tho' all unite,
Can touch my bofom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's fhore,
Not all Peru's unbounded ftore,
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
To form one wifh my foul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor feek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

An EVENING ODE.

To STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, love.
Stella, thither let us stray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light:
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades,
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

To Miſs HICKMAN*,

PLAYING ON THE SPINNET.

BRIGHT Stella, form'd for univerſal reign,
Too well you know to keep the ſlaves you gain;
When in your eyes reſiſtleſs light'nings play,
Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
And yield reluctant to deſpotick ſway:
But when your muſick ſooths the raging pain,
We bid propitious heav'n prolong your reign,
We bleſs the tyrant, and we hug the chain.
When old Timotheus ſtruck the vocal ſtring,
Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king:
Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
He pants for room in one poor world confin'd.
Thus wak'd to rage, by muſick's dreadful pow'r
He bids the ſword deſtroy, the flame devour.
Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire:
No more delighted with deſtructive war,
Ambitious only now to pleaſe the fair;
Reſign'd his thirſt of empire to her charms,
And found a thouſand worlds in Stella's arms.

* Theſe Lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turton, ſon to Mrs. Turton, the Lady to whom they are addreſſed by her maiden name of Hickman, muſt have been written at leaſt as early as the year 1734, as that was the year of her marriage: at how much earlier a period of Dr. Johnſon's life they may have been written, is not known.

PARAPHRASE of PROVERBS,

Chap. VI. Verfes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

"*Go to the Ant thou ſluggard* *."

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
Obferve her labours, ſluggard, and be wife:
No ſtern command, no monitory voice
Prefcribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, ſhe haftes away,
To ſnatch the bleſſings of the plenteous day;
When fruitful fummer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harveſt, and ſhe ſtores the grain.
How long ſhall ſloth uſurp thy ufelefs hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs?
While artful ſhades thy downy couch encloſe,
And foft folicitation courts repofe.
Amidſt the drowfy charms of dull delight,
Year chafes year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and ſlow,
Shall ſpring to feize thee like an ambuſh'd foe.

* In Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies, but now printed from the original in Dr. Johnfon's own hand-writing.

HORACE, Lib. IV. Ode VII.

TRANSLATED.

THE ſnow diſſolv'd, no more is ſeen,
The fields and woods, behold! are green,
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again,
The ſprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace.
The changing year's ſucceſſive plan
Proclaims mortality to man.
Rough winter's blaſts to ſpring give way,
Spring yields to ſummer's ſovereign ray;
Then ſummer ſinks in autumn's reign,
And winter chills the world again:
Her loſſes ſoon the moon ſupplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his ſons are laid,
Is nought but aſhes and a ſhade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our ſcore,
Will toſs us in a morning more?
What with your friend you nobly ſhare,
At leaſt, you reſcue from your heir.
Not you, Torquatus, boaſt of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or ſplendid birth,
Or virtue, ſhall reſtore to earth.

Hippolytus, unjuſtly ſlain,
Diana calls to life in vain;
Nor can the might of Theſeus rend
The chains of hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784.

On ſeeing a BUST of Mrs. MONTAGUE.

HAD this fair figure which this frame diſplays,
Adorn'd in Roman time the brighteſt days,
In every dome, in every ſacred place,
Her ſtatue would have breath'd an added grace,
And on its baſis would have been enroll'd,
"This is Minerva, caſt in Virtue's mould."

TRANSLA-

TRANSLATION

Of a SPEECH of AQUILEIO,

In the ADRIANO of METASTASIO, beginning,

"*Tu che in Corte invechiasti.*"

GROWN old in courts, thou art not surely one
Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;
Well skill'd to soothe a foe with looks of kindness,
To sink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with seeming friendship:
Open to all, true only to thyself,
Thou know'st those arts which blast with envious praise,
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuses,
And drive discountenanc'd virtue from the throne:
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift usurp the merit;
That hide in seeming zeal a wicked purpose,
And only build upon another's ruin.

THE NATURAL BEAUTY.

To STELLA.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
If her face with pleafure glow,
If fhe figh at others woe,
If her eafy air exprefs
Confcious worth, or foft diftrefs,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminifh'd grace.
If on her we fee difplay'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
If her chintz with lefs expence
Flows in eafy negligence;
Still fhe lights the confcious flame,
Still her charms appear the fame;
If fhe ftrikes the vocal ftrings,
If fhe's filent, fpeaks, or fings,
If fhe fit, or if fhe move,
Still we love, and ftill approve.
Vain the cafual, tranfient glance,
Which alone can pleafe by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.

I those charms alone can prize,
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance, nor dress,
E'er can make, or more, or less.

The VANITY of WEALTH.

An ODE.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
  With science tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the Muses' moral lay;

In ſocial hours indulge thy ſoul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love reſign thy breaſt,
And be by bleſſing beauty — bleſt.
Thus taſte the feaſt by nature ſpread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taſte with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and ſtrife.
I boaſt whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And ſcorn! Oh! let that ſcorn be thine;
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

To Miſs ——.

ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND SILK NET-WORK PURSE OF HER OWN WEAVING.

THOUGH gold and ſilk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would ſhine,
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand that knows the ſubtler art,
To weave thoſe nets that catch the heart.

Spread

Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy filken chain
The glittering vagrants fhall reftrain.
Why Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught fhou'd ne'er be freed?

To Mifs ———.

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICHORD IN A ROOM HUNG WITH FLOWER-PIECES OF HER OWN PAINTING.

WHEN Stella ftrikes the tuneful ftring
In fcenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty lavifhes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleafure propagates around
Each charm of modulated found;
Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flower,
But fhun, rafh youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the fnares of wily love.
When charms thus prefs on every fenfe,
What thought of flight, or of defence?

Deceitful hope, and vain defire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.
But on thofe regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight,
Could Stella, fprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral Song,
Inftruction with her flowers might fpring,
And wifdom warble from her ftring.
Mark when from thoufand mingled dyes
Thou fee'ft one pleafing form arife,
How active light, and thoughtful fhade,
In greater fcenes each other aid.
Mark when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How paffions well accorded ftrife,
Gives all the harmony of life;
Thy pictures fhall thy conduct frame,
Confiftent ftill, though not the fame;
Thy mufick teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

VERSES,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN TO WHOM A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

WHAT hopes—what terrors does this gift create?
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.
The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd to Venus by Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
The unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

WHEN lately Stella's form display'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not so fair as fine.

" Fate! ſnatch away the bright diſguiſe,
" And let the goddeſs truſt her eyes."
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,
And fate malicious heard the pray'r;
But brighten'd by the ſable dreſs,
As virtue riſes in diſtreſs,
Since Stella ſtill extends her reign,
Ah! how ſhall envy ſooth her pain?
Th' adoring youth, and envious fair,
Henceforth ſhall form one common prayer;
And love and hate alike implore
The ſkies — " That Stella mourn no more."

To Lady FIREBRACE*,
At BURY ASSIZES.

AT length muſt Suffolk beauties ſhine in vain,
So long renown'd in B——n's deathleſs ſtrain?
Thy charms at leaſt, fair Firebrace, might inſpire
Some zealous bard to wake the ſleeping lyre;
For ſuch thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
Thou ſeem'ſt at once, bright nymph, a *Muſe* and *Grace*.

* This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Eſq. of Ipſwich, and relict of Philip Evers, Eſq. of that town; ſhe became the ſecond wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the laſt Baronet of that name (to whom ſhe brought a fortune of 25,000l.) July 26, 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, ſhe was a third time married, April 7, 1762, to William Campbell, Eſq. uncle to the preſent Duke of Argyle, and died July 3, 1782.

ANACREON.

ANACREON,

ODE IX.

LOVELY courier of the ſky,
Whence and whither doſt thou fly?
Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way:
Is it buſineſs? is it love?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.
Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair;
Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Bluſhing nature, ſmiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the bard her dove beſtow'd:
Veſted with a maſter's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight;
His the letters that you ſee,
Weighty charge, conſign'd to me:
Think not yet my ſervice hard,
Joyleſs taſk without reward;
Smiling at my maſter's gates,
Freedom my return awaits;
But the liberal grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Bliſsful bondage ſuch as mine?

Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's gueſt without a home;
Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly ſhelter'd, coarſely fed:
Now my better lot beſtows
Sweet repaſt, and ſoft repoſe;
Now the generous bowl I ſip
As it leaves Anacreon's lip:
Void of care, and free from dread,
From his fingers ſnatch his bread;
Then with luſcious plenty gay,
Round his chamber dance and play;
Or from wine as courage ſprings,
O'er his face extend my wings;
And when feaſt and frolick tire,
Drop aſleep upon his lyre.
This is all, be quick and go,
More than all thou canſt not know;
Let me now my pinions ply,
I have chatter'd like a pye.

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN RIDICULE OF CERTAIN POEMS PUBLISHED IN 1777.

WHERESOE'ER I turn my view,
All is ſtrange, yet nothing new;
Endleſs labour all along,
Endleſs labour to be wrong;
Phraſe that time has flung away,
Uncouth words in diſarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and ſonnet.

PARODY of a TRANSLATION

From the MEDEA of EURIPIDES.

ERR ſhall they not, who reſolute explore
Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;
And ſcanning right the practices of yore,
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwiſe.

They to the dome where ſmoke with curling play
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summoned the ſinger blythe, and harper gay,
And aided wine with dulcet-ſtreaming ſound.

The bette use of notes, or sweet or shrill,
By quiv'ring string or modulated wind ;
Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill,
Admission ne'er had sought, or could not find.

Oh! send them to the sullen mansions dun,
Her baleful eyes where sorrow rolls around ;
Where gloom-enamour'd mischief loves to dwell,
And murder, all blood-bolter'd, schemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,
And purple nectar glads the festive hour ;
The guest, without a want, without a wish,
Can yield no room to musick's soothing pow'r.

BURLESQUE

Of the modern Versifications of ancient Legendary Tales.

An Impromptu.

THE tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone ;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on.

TRANSLA-

TRANSLATION

Of the Two Firſt Stanzas of the Song, "*Rio verde, Rio verde,*" printed in Biſhop PERCY'S Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry.

An IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glaſſy water,
Down whoſe current clear and ſtrong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual ſlaughter,
Moor and Chriſtian roll along.

IMITATION of the Style of ****.

HERMIT hoar, in ſolemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey;
Strike thy boſom ſage, and tell
What is bliſs, and which the way.

Thus I ſpoke, and ſpeaking ſigh'd,
Scarce repreſs'd the ſtarting tear,
When the hoary ſage reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink ſome beer.

BURLESQUE

Of the following Lines of LOPEZ DE VEGA.

An IMPROMPTU.

SE acquien los leones vence
 Vence una muger hermofa
O el de flaco averguençe
 O ella di fer mas furiofa.

IF the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION

Of the following Lines at the End of BARETTI'S EASY PHRASEOLOGY.

An IMPROMPTU.

VIVA viva la padrona,
 Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona;
Viva! viva la padrona!

LONG may live my lovely Hetty!
Always young and always pretty,
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long!
Always young and always pretty,
Long may live my lovely Hetty!

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

Of the following Diftich on the Duke of Modena's running away from the Comet in 1742 or 1743.

SE al venir voftro i principi fe n' vanno
Deh venga ogni dì —— durate un anno.

IF at your coming princes difappear,
Comets! come every day—and ftay a year.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

Of the following Lines of Monſ. BENSERADE à ſon lit.

THEATRE des ris, et des pleurs,
Lit! ou je nais, et ou je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voiſins,
Sont nos plaiſirs, et nos chagrins.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may ſhew
Of human bliſs to human woe.

TRANSLATION

Of the following Lines written under a Print repreſenting Perſons ſkaiting.

SUR un mince chryſtal l'hyver conduit leurs pas
Le precipice eſt ſous la glace;
Telle eſt de nòs plaiſirs la légere ſurface,
Gliſſez mortels; n' appuyez pas.

O'ER ice the rapid ſkaiter flies,
With ſport above and death below;
Where miſchief lurks in gay diſguiſe,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

Of the ſame

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the ſkaiters play;
O'er treacherous pleaſure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly ſkim, and haſte away.

To Mrs. THRALE,

On her completing her Thirty-Fifth Year.

An IMPROMPTU.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philoſophers contrive
Life to ſtop at thirty-five,
Time his hours ſhould never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to ſoar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, ſtock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boaſt and ſtrive,
Life declines from thirty-five:

He that ever hopes to thrive
Muſt begin by thirty-five;
And all who wiſely wiſh to wive
Muſt look on Thrale at thirty-five.

IMPROMPTU

On hearing Miſs THRALE conſulting with a Friend about a Gown and Hat ſhe was inclined to wear.

WEAR the gown, and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleaſures while they laſt;
Hadſt thou nine lives, like a cat,
Soon thoſe nine lives would be paſt.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

Of an AIR in the CLEMENZA DE TITO of METASTASIO, beginning, "*Deh ſe piacermi* "*vuoi.*"

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teaſing doubts depart;
He who blindly truſts, will find
Faith from every generous mind:
He who ſtill expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

To LYCE, *an elderly Lady.*

YE nymphs whom ftarry rays inveft,
By flattering poets given,
Who fhine by lavifh lovers dreft
In all the pomp of heaven.

Engrofs not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But as your fifter of the fky,
Let Lyce fhare the praife.

Her filver locks difplay the moon,
Her brows a cloudy fhow,
Striped rainbows round her eyes are feen,
And fhowers from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darknefs dyes,
She's ftarr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But fome Zelinda, while I fing,
Denies my Lyce fhines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet fpite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards exprefs,
My Lyce makes as good a fky,
And I but flatter lefs.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN by Mr. GARRICK,

At the Opening of the THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
Firſt rear'd the ſtage, immortal *Shakeſpeare* roſe;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful ſtrokes preſiding truth impreſs'd,
And unreſiſted paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt.
Then Johnſon came, inſtructed from the ſchool,
To pleaſe in method, and invent by rule;
His ſtudious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach, eſſay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For thoſe who durſt not cenſure, ſcarce could praiſe.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a laſting tomb.
The wits of Charles found eaſier ways to fame,
Nor wiſh'd for Johnſon's art, or Shakeſpeare's flame,
Themſelves they ſtudied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obſcenity was wit.

Vice

Vice always found a fympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like thefe afpir'd to lafting praife,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their caufe was gen'ral, their fupports were ftrong;
Their flaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till fhame regain'd the poft that fenfe betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.
  Then crufh'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilft paffion flept;
Yet ftill did virtue deign the ftage to tread,
Philofophy remain'd tho' nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She faw great Fauftus lay the ghoft of wit;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and fong confirm'd her fway.
  But who the coming changes can prefage,
And mark the future periods of the ftage?
Perhaps if fkill could diftant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in ftore;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new forcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guefs th' effects of chance)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
  Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
Muft watch the wild viciffitudes of tafte;

With every meteor of caprice muſt play,
And chaſe the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not cenſure term our fate our choice,
The ſtage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of reſcu'd nature, and reviving ſenſe;
To chaſe the charms of ſound, the pomp of ſhow,
For uſeful mirth and ſalutary woe;
Bid ſcenic virtue form the riſing age,
And truth diffuſe her radiance from the ſtage.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN by Mr. GARRICK, APRIL 5, 1750,

Before the MASQUE of COMUS,

Acted at DRURY-LANE THEATRE, for the Benefit of MILTON'S Grand-Daughter.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs whoſe boſoms beat at Milton's name,
Whoſe generous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean penſions of Auguſtan times;

Immortal

Immortal patrons of fucceeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praife;
Let wit condemn'd the feeble war to wage,
With clofe malevolence, or public rage;
Let ftudy, worn with virtue's fruitlefs lore,
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, diftinguifh'd by your fmiles, fhall tell,
That never Britain can in vain excell;
The flighted arts futurity fhall truft,
And rifing ages haften to be juft.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of univerfal praife;
And baffled fpite, with hopelefs anguifh dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent hafte each candidate of fame,
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He fees, and pitying fees, vain wealth beftow
Thofe pageant honours which he fcorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat buft behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown—unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her flow decay.
What tho' fhe fhine with no Miltonian fire,
No favouring mufe her morning dreams infpire!
Yet fofter claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blamelefs age;
Hers the mild merits of domeftick life,
The patient fufferer, and the faithful wife.

Thus

Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandſire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wiſe, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown deſert — beyond the grave.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE

GOOD-NATUR'D MAN. 1769.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind,
With cool ſubmiſſion joins the lab'ring train,
And ſocial ſorrow loſes half its pain;
Our anxious bard without complaint may ſhare
This buſtling ſeaſon's epidemic care;
Like Cæſar's pilot dignify'd by fate,
Toſt in one common ſtorm with all the great;
Diſtreſt alike the ſtateſman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The buſy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wiſhes juſt the ſame;
Diſabled both to combat, or to fly,
Muſt hear all taunts, and hear without reply.

Uncheck'd

Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended Burgeſs hoards his angry tale,
For that bleſt year when all that vote may rail;
Their ſchemes of ſpite the poet's foes diſmiſs,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiſs.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says ſwelling Criſpin, "begg'd a cobler's vote;"
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiſs him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe,
The bard may ſupplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by thoſe whoſe voices ne'er were ſold,
He feels no want of ill perſuading gold;
But confident of praiſe, if praiſe be due,
Truſts without fear to merit and to you.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE

WORD TO THE WISE*,

Spoken by Mr. HULL.

THIS night preſents a play which public rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the ſtage †.

* Performed at Covent-Garden Theatre for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, Eſq. (the author of the play) and her children, 1777.

† Upon the firſt repreſentation of this play, 1770, it was damned from the violence of party.

From zeal, or malice, now no more we dread,
For Englifh vengeance *wars not with the dead.*
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid, where all muft lie.
  To wit reviving from its author's duft,
Be kind ye judges, or at leaft be juft.
For no renew'd hoftilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable fhade.
Let one great payment every claim appeafe,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to pleafe;
To pleafe by fcenes unconfcious of offence,
By harmlefs merriment, or ufeful fenfe.
Where aught of bright, or fair the piece difplays,
Approve it only — 'Tis too late to praife.
If want of fkill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hifs — the poet cannot hear.
By all like him muft praife and blame be found,
At beft a fleeting gleam, or empty found.
Yet then fhall calm reflection blefs the night,
When liberal pity dignified delight;
When pleafure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

M E S S I A.

TOLLITE concentum, *Solymææ* tollite nymphæ!
Nil mortale loquor, cœlum mihi carminis alta
Materies; poſcunt gravius cœleſtia plectrum.
Muſcoſi fontes, ſilveſtria tecta, valete,
Aonideſque Deæ, et mendacis ſomnia *Pindi.*
Tu mihi, qui flammâ moviſti pectora ſancti
Sidereâ *Iſaiæ*, dignos accende furores!
Immatura calens rapitur per ſæcula vates,
Sic orſus — Qualis rerum mihi naſcitur ordo!
Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor
Jeſſæis ſurgit, mulcenteſque æthera flores
Cæleſtes lambunt animæ; ramiſque columba,
Nuncia ſacra Dei, plaudentibus inſidet alis.
Nectareos rores, alimentaque mitia cœlum
Præbeat, et tacitè fœcundos irriget imbres!
Huc fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeſte!
Dia ſalutares ſpirant medicamina rami.
Hic requies feſſis; non ſacrâ ſævit in umbrâ
Vis boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia ſolis.
" Irrita vaneſcent priſcæ veſtigia fraudis,"
Juſtitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
Attollet reducis; bellis prætendet olivas
Compoſitis Pax alma ſuas, terraſque reviſens

Sedatas niveo Virtus lucebit amictu.
Volvantur celeres anni! Lux purpuret ortum
Expectata diu! Naturæ claustra refringens
Nascere, magne puer! Tibi primas, ecce! corollas
Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
Carpit *Arabs*, hortis quicquid frondescit eois.
Altius, en! *Lebanon* gaudentia culmina tollit,
En! summo exultant nutantes vertice silvæ.
Mittit aromaticas vallis *Saronica* nubes,
Et juga *Carmeli* recreant fragrantia cœlum.
Deserti latâ mollescunt aspera voce,
Auditur Deus! ecce Deus! reboantia circum
Saxa sonant Deus; ecce Deus! deflectitur æther
Demissumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,
Gloria silvarum, dominum inclinata salutet!
Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes!
Sternite Saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus!
En! quem turba diu cecinerunt enthea, vates,
En! SALVATOR adest; vultus agnoscite cæci
Divinos, surdas sacra vox permulceat aures!
Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit,
Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen,
Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet.
Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
Accrescunt tremulis tactu nova robora nervis:
Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli
Jam saltu capreas, jam cursu provocat euros.

Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria; pectus
Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes terget ocellos.
Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
Æternoque orci dominator vulnere languens
Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
Ut quà dulce strepent scatebræ, quà læta virescunt
Pascua, quà blandum spirat purissimus aer
Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suscipit agnos,
Et gremio fotis selectas porrigit herbas,
Amissas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva:
Postera sic pastor divinus secla beabit,
Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.
Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
Hostiles oculis flammas jaculantia torvis;
Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
Triste coruscabit radiis; dabit hasta recusa
Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.
Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
Natus ad optatum perducet cœpta parentis.
Qui duxit sulcos, illi teret area messem,
Et seræ texent vites umbracula proli.
Attoniti dumeta vident inculta coloni
Suave rubere rosis, sitientesque inter arenas
Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.
Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis,
Canna viret, juncique tremit mutabilis umbra.

 Horruit

Horruit implexo quà vallis fente, figuræ
Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique fequaces
Artificis frondent dextræ; palmifque rubeta
Afpera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
Per valles fociata lupo lafciviet agna,
Cumque leone petet tutus præfepe juvencus.
Florea manfuetæ petulantes vincula tigri
Per ludum pueri injicient, et feffa colubri
Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ;
Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale minantes
Tractabit palmis infans, motufque trifulcæ
Ridebit linguæ innocuos, fquamafque virentes
Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura criftæ.
Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores
Tolle *Salema* facros, quam circum gloria pennas
Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ!
En! formofa tibi porrecta per atria proles
Ordinibus furgit denfis, vitamque requirit
Impatiens, lentéque fluentes increpat annos.
Ecce! peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis;
Barbarus, en! clarum divino lumine templum
Ingreditur, cultuque tuo manfuefcere gaudet.
Cinnameos cumulos, *Nabathæi* munera veris,
Ecce! cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ.
Solis *Ophyræis* crudum tibi montibus aurum
Maturant radii, tibi balfama fudat *Idume*.
Ætheris, en! portas facro fulgore micantes
Cælicolæ pandunt, torrentifque aurea lucis

Flumina

Flumina prorumpunt; non poſthac ſole rubeſcet
India naſcenti, placidæve argentea noctis
Luna vices revehet; radios pater ipſe diei
Proferet archetypos; cæleſtis gaudia lucis
Ipſo fonte bibes, quæ circumfuſa beatam
Regiam inundabit, nullis ceſſura tenebris.
Littora deficiens arentia deſeret æquor,
Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
Saxa cadent, ſolidique liqueſcent robora montis:
Tu ſecura tamen confuſa elementa videbis,
Lætaque *Meſſiâ* ſemper dominabere rege,
Pollicitis firmata Dei, ſtabilita ruinis.

ON THE

DEATH of Dr. ROBERT LEVET.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's deluſive mine,
  As on we toil from day to day,
By ſudden blaſts, or ſlow decline,
  Our ſocial comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
  See Levet to the grave deſcend,
Officious, innocent, ſincere,
  Of every friendleſs name the friend.

Yet ftill he fills affection's eye,
Obfcurely wife and coarfely kind;
Nor letter'd arrogance deny
Thy praife to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy difplay'd
The power of art without the fhow.

In mifery's darkeft cavern known,
His ufeful care was ever nigh,
Where hopelefs anguifh pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No fummons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain difdain'd by pride;
The modeft wants of every day
The toil of every day fupply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a paufe, nor left a void;
And fure th' Eternal mafter found
The fingle talent well employ'd.

The bufy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Tho' now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forc'd his foul the neareft way.

EPITAPHIUM

IN

THOMAM HANMER, BARONETTUM.

Honorabilis admodum THOMAS HANMER,
Baronettus,
Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri è Peregrina Henrici North
De Mildenhal in Com: Suffolciæ Baronetti forore et hærede.
Filius
Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti
Hæres patruelis
Antiquo gentis fuæ et titulo, et patrimonio fucceffit
Duas uxores fortitus eft;
Alteram Ifabellam, honore à patre derivato de Arlington comitiffam
Deindè celciffimi principis ducis de Grafton viduam dotariam

Alteram

Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Folks de Barton in Com. Suff. armigeri.
Filiam et hæredem
Inter humanitates ſtudia felicitèr enutritus
Omnes liberalium artium diſciplinas avidè arripuit,
Quas morum ſuavitate haud leviter ornavit.
Poſtquam exceſſit et ephebis
Continuo inter populares ſuos fama eminens
Et comitatus ſui legatus ad Parliamentum miſſus
Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta
Si accinxit
Cumq; apud illos ampliſſimorum virorum ordines
Solent nihil temerè effutire
Sed *probe* perpenſa diſſertè expromere
Orator gravis et preſſus
Non minus integritatis quam eloquentiæ laude commendatus
Æquè omnium utcunq; inter ſe alioqui diffidentium
Aures atque animos attraxit
Annoque demum M.DCC.XIII. regnante Annâ
Feliciſſima, florentiſſunæque memoriæ reginâ
Ad prolocutoris cathedram
Communi ſenatûs univerſi voce deſignatus eſt:
Quod munus
Cum nullo tempore non difficile
Tum illo certè negotiis
Et varus et lubricis et implicatis difficillimum
Cum dignitate ſuſtinuit.

Honores

Honores alios, et omnia, quæ ſibi in lucrum cederent,
munera
Sedulò detrectavit
Ut rei totus inſerviret publicæ
Juſti, rectique tenax
Et fide in patriam incorrupta notus.
Ubi omnibus, quæ virum, civimque bonum decent
officiis ſatis feciſſet,
Paulatim ſe à publicis conſiliis in otium recipiens
Inter literarum amœnitates,
Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud inſuaves recordationes,
Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus
Honorificè conſenuit,
Et bonis omnibus, quibus chariſſimus vixit
Deſideratiſſimus obiit.

TRANSLATION;

OR, RATHER A

PARAPHRASE of the above EPITAPH.

THOU who ſurvey'ſt theſe walls with curious eye,
Pauſe at this tomb where HANMER's aſhes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'ſt his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirſt of knowledge, and with love of truth;

His

His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wiſe, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the ſtudious ſhade;
In life's firſt bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the ſenator and man.
In buſineſs dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the ſtate;
In every ſpeech perſuaſive wiſdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd;
Suſpended faction ceas'd from rage and ſtrife,
To hear his eloquence, and praiſe his life.
Reſiſtleſs merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illuſtrious age! how bright thy glories ſhone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair—and ANNE the throne!
Then when dark arts obſcur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of ſtate,
The Moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.
This taſk perform'd—he ſought no gainful poſt,
Nor wiſh'd to glitter at his country's coſt;
Strict on the right he fix'd his ſtedfaſt eye,
With temperate zeal, and wiſe anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aſide,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleaſure, or of pride.
Her gifts deſpis'd, Corruption bluſh'd and fled,
And fame purſu'd him where Conviction led.

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to reſt,
With honour ſated, and with cares oppreſt;
To letter'd eaſe retir'd and honeſt mirth,
To rural grandeur and domeſtick worth:
Delighted ſtill to pleaſe mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet ſparkled in the friend.
Calm Conſcience then, his former life ſurvey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the ſhade,
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And Virtue's ſorrow dignified his tomb.

EPITAPH
ON
CLAUDE PHILLIPS,
AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN *.

PHILLIPS! whoſe touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapleſs love,
Reſt here, diſtreſt by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'ſt ſo oft before;
Sleep undiſturb'd within this peaceful ſhrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

* Theſe lines are among Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies; they are, nevertheleſs, recognized as Johnſon's, in a memorandum of his hand-writing, and were probably written at her requeſt. Phillips was a travelling fidler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.

EPITAPH

FOR

Mr. HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' eſſential form of grace;
Here cloſed in death th' attentive eyes,
That ſaw the manners in the face.

LATIN EPITAPH

ON

Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Phyſici, Hiſtorici,
Qui nullum ferè ſcribendi genus
Non tetigit.
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit
Sive riſus eſſent movendi
Sive lacrymæ.

Affectuum potens at lenis dominator
Ingenio ſublimis — vividus verſatilis
Oratione grandis nitidus venuſtus.
Hoc monumentum memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor
Amicorum fides
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus Hibernia Forniæ Lonfordienſis
In loco cui nomen Pallas
Nov. XXIX. M.DCC.XXXI.
Eblanæ literis inſtitutus
Obiit Londini
April IV. M.DCC.LXXIV.

TRANSLATION.

This monument is raiſed
To the memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Poet, Natural Philoſopher, and
Hiſtorian;
Who left no ſpecies of writing untouched
or
Unadorned by his pen,
Whether to move laughter
Or draw tears.
He was a powerful maſter
Over the affections,

Though at the ſame time a gentle tyrant;
Of a genius at once ſublime, lively, and
Equal to every ſubject:
His expreſſion at once noble,
Pure, and delicate.
His memory will laſt
As long as ſociety retains affection,
Friendſhip is not void of honour,
And reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At Fernes in the province
Of Leinſter,
Where Pallas had ſet her name
29 Nov. 1731.
He was educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

LATIN EPITAPH
ON
HENRY THRALE, Eſq.

Hic conditur quod reliquum eſt
HENRICI THRALE,
Qui res ſeu civilis, ſeu domeſticas, ita egit
Ut vitam illi longiorem multi optarent
Ita ſacras,

Ut

Ut quam brevem eſſet, habiturus preſcire videretur
Simplex apertus, ſibique ſemper ſimilis.
Nihil oſtentavit, aut arte fictum, aut cura
Elaboratum.
In Senatu, Regi, Patriæque
Fideliter Studuit.
Vulgi obſtrepentis, contempar animoſus
Domi inter mille mercaturæ negotia
Literarum elegantiam, minimæ neglexerit,
Amicis quocunque modo laborantibus
Conciliis auctoritate, muneribus adſuit
Inter familiares, comites, convivas hoſpites
Tam facile fuit morum ſuavitate
Ut omnium animos ad ſe alliceret
Tam felici ſermonis libertate
Ut nulli adulatus, omnibus placeret,
Natus 1722. Obiit 1781.
Conſortis, tumuli habet, Rodolphum, patrem
Strenuum fortemque virum, & Henricum
Filium unicum quem ſpei parentem
Mors inopina decennem
Proripuit.
Ita
Domus fœlix & opulenta quam erexit
Avus auxitque pater cum nepote decedit
Abi viator
Et vicibus rerum, humanarum perſpectis
Eternitatem cogita.

TRANSLATION.

Here lie the remains of
HENRY THRALE,
Who ſo well diſcharged his ſeveral duties,
Whether civil, or domeſtic,
That many wiſhed him a longer life:
So well the duties of his religion,
That he ſeemed to know before hand, how
Short a life he ſhould enjoy!
Plain, honeſt, and always conſiſtent,
He diſplayed nothing in his conduct
Either diſſembled, or ſtudied.
In Parliament he faithfully conſulted the
Welfare of his KING and COUNTRY.
A ſpirited contemner of the clamorous multitude.
At home, amidſt the numberleſs engagements
Of buſineſs, he cultivated letters.
He aſſiſted his friends in diſtreſs,
By his advice, his intereſt, and his fortune:
Amongſt his aſſociates, companions, and gueſts,
He poſſeſſed that agreeable ſweetneſs of manners
By which he won all hearts,
And that happy freedom of ſpeech
By which he flattered no one
And pleaſed all.
He was born 1722. He died 1781.

His

His father Rodolph, a vigorous and active man,
And his only fon Henry, whom
(The hope of his parents)
Untimely death fnatch'd away
At the age of ten years,
Are buried in the fame grave.
Thus!
The flourifhing and wealthy family
Which the grandfather founded,
Father advanced,
Was extinguifhed with the grandfon.
Go thy ways traveller!
And convinced of the inftability of human life,
Meditate upon death.

LATIN EPITAPH.

ON

Mrs. H. MARIA SALISBURY.

JUXTA SEPVLTA EST
Heftera Maria Salifbury,
Thomæ Cotton de Combermere,
Baronetti, Ceftrienfis, filia;
Johannis Salifbury, Armigeri,
Flintienfis, uxor;

 Formâ

Formâ felix, felix ingenio,
Omnibus jucunda, ſuorum amantiſſima.
Linguis artibuſque ita exculta
Ut loquenti nunquam deeſſent.
Sermonis nitor, ſententiarum floſculi,
Sapientiæ gravitas, leporum gratia,
Modum ſervandi adeo perita
Ut domeſtica inter negotia literis
Oblectaretur,
Et literarum inter delicias rem
Familiarem ſedulo curaret.
Multis illi multos annos precantibus
Diri carcinomatis * veneno contabuit,
Viribuſque vitæ paulatim reſolutis
E terris meliora ſperans emigravit.
Nata 1707, Nupta 1739, Obiit 1773.

* Cancer.

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